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SUMMER ON LAKE MINNETONKA.

BY MILTON PICKETT.

There could scarcely be a prettier sight than that which may be witnessed at the close of almost any mid-summer day at the railway station and steamboat landing of the little old Indian named town of Wayzata at the foot of Lake Minnetonka. Each of the evening trains comes laden with passengers, for the most part business men from the city who have spent the day in market, office or counting room, and who, when work is done, seek the cool retreat of the lake for rest or recreation. The scene is a lovely one.

The bay is dotted with sail boats, all hastening with crowded canvas to the line of piers at the beach. There are also row boats without number. What gives piquancy and charm to all this is the fact that most of these graceful crafts are governed by young women who expect to meet at the landing husbands, fathers, brothers, as the case may be. In addition there are a number of small steam launches, or steam yachts, as the lake people love to call them, very self-important in spite of their diminutive size, gayly decked out with flags and streamers and all possessing peculiar reverberating steam whistles in tremendous disproportion to

to their size. Those who have already reached the shore loiter up and down or gather in merry groups on the long platform. The bright colors, the pretty summer costumes and the graceful figures form an interesting part of the picturesque scene. From time to time little peals of laughter float out over the water. And then, when the train comes in, it is a pleasure to witness the different ways in which the toilers from the city are saluted. In some cases the greeting is quite matter of fact, the polite and graceful words of welcome which the skilled hostess knows how to extend to favored guest, or perhaps the good

old-fashioned kiss which maidenhood bestows upon a tired parent. But in some instances the greeting is so coy and demure that only the experienced observer of human actions would notice the unwonted tenderness of eye and glance or the quicker heaving of the heart. And then when the last train has arrived, away they all go, the sail boats scudding across the bay like graceful birds, the row boats loaded down to their utmost capacity, rising and falling with the waves in a way that might send a thrill of alarm to the breast of one not used to this sort of thing. Or if the breeze is faint they move more circumspectly over the face of the water, or are becalmed entirely,



EVENING ON LAKE MINNETONKA.—[From a sketch by Hall.]

and the impatient sailors are obliged wait for another puff from the capricious element to send them on their way. On these calm evenings the element of color enters into the beauty of the scene. Vain were the attempt of artist to catch upon his canvas these splendid tints of the sunset, opaline, crimson, gold, constantly changing, dividing and combining with ever new and more subtle effects, like the tender shades of expression in a poem. But in the meantime the train has gone speeding on its way around the curve of the north shore and at Orono and Crystal Bay other groups have been in waiting and the

scene at Wayzata has been in some sort repeated. At Minnetonka Beach a great many more get off the train, and finally the last stop is made at the upper lake station where passengers may take boats for Spring Park, Chapman's, Shady Isle, Enchanted Island, Bird's Bluff and other remote points situated among the solitude of the upper lake. Along the south shore there have been somewhat similar scenes. The various stations on the St. Louis Road are at Northome, Ingleside, Fairview, Edgewood, Excelsior and Lake Park. It is pleasant to know that the trip by rail from Minneapolis to the most distant point of the lake may be made in less than

half an hour. Thus it is possible for the business man to sojourn at the lake with his family with scarcely more interruption to his business than is occasioned by the ordinary trips between his office and city residence.

This forms a convenient introduction to a consideration of cottage life at Lake Minnetonka, the most popular summer resort adjacent to Minneapolis. Proprietors of hotels and boarding houses have seemed to think, in the past, that the importance of Minnetonka as a summer resort depends in a great measure on their exertions. Whenever for any reason the hotels are not filled and the steamboats

are not daily crowded the proprietors of these concerns shake their heads dubiously and say that the lake will not amount to anything as summer resorts unless there are attractions to draw the people. The fact is, what constitutes Minnetonka's charm as a resort has little connection with the hostleries and almost as little with the steamboats. The lake has about 300 miles of irregular shore line and many beautiful islands. This affords a great variety of sites for cottage building. Although several hundred tasteful structures dot the shore here and there, but an insignificant part of the available space has been taken

up. Cottage life is a delightful experience in the work-a-day existence of many Minneapolis families. A removal to the lake during the heated season is like breaking down the walls of formality and stereotype custom. All is free and easy. The ladies learn to row and sail and acquire some of the secrets of woodcraft in their sylvan abode, and in the meantime get strong and healthy. The gentlemen wear comfortable boating costumes and throw off all the little artificial restraints that make city life a bore if continued for years without interruption. The children wade and fish and romp, and when school opens in the fall are physically equal to the ordeal. There are yachting parties, fishing parties, moonlight sails and expeditions for water lilies. In the evenings there are delightful gatherings of the neighbors, and musicales and dancing in the cottages. The older people doze on the verandas and the younger ones dream under the maples. The lake is alive with pleasure parties and a sound of music is in the air. Occasionally one of the large steamers goes by with colored lights and a confused sound of orchestral music on board. The music grows fainter and fainter and is finally lost to the listening ear. It is quite like a chapter from some fairy tale. The cottages along the shore are for the most part grouped in little communities and this affords a good opportunity for sociability. They are generally of light construction and inexpensive. Some of them, however, have all the convenience and elegance of city residences. Modern decorative art comes into play here and the least pretentious of these summer abodes may be made a fit casket for a summer idyl. Camping is also a pleasant way of spending a few weeks at the lake. Tent life is even more informal than cottage life, and if the camp is established on scientific principles, is quite as enjoyable. Mark the "if."

But the delights of Lake Minnetonka are not reserved for those who can afford to rent or own cottages. On every pleasant day of the season there is pretty sure to be a large crowd of excursionists who propose to take in as much as they can in a few hours. The programme is usually a steamboat trip with dinner at the head of the lake. Aside from the lake itself, which is a charming body of water, there are few



HARDSCRABBLE POINT, LAKE MINNETONKA.—[From a crayon drawing by Miss C. V. Shaw.]

sights to be seen. Of course everyone should learn about Crane Island and its strange inhabitants, and about "The Hermitage," the romantic home of Maj. Geo. B. Halstead. The excursionists are mainly from Minneapolis and St. Paul, but they include tourists from all parts of the country. On Sunday the crowd is extra large and steamboats and hotels are taxed to their utmost capacity. In the course of the summer every Sunday-school and nearly every social and literary organization in the city enjoys an excursion to Minnetonka. And really the day's trip forms a very agreeable recreation, from the time of starting out from Minneapolis in the morning, to the return

at night; for besides the experience at the lake, the tourist is taken through some very handsome farming country, affording many charming rural pictures. Transportation over the lake is furnished by about half a dozen steamboats belonging to the Lake Minnetonka Navigation Company, each boat accommodating from 300 to 2,000 passengers. There are also numerous small steam launches which may be "chartered" by the day by private parties of from six to twenty persons. Thus far there has been magnificent fishing in the waters of this lake, and the exertions made to prevent the violation of the fish laws promise a continuance of the same for several years to come. Pickerel and black bass are found most plentiful. There are also quantities of pike, sunfish and croppies.

An account of Lake Minnetonka as a summer resort would not be complete without some mention of the fine hotels. The Hotel Lafayette at Minnetonka Beach, owned by the Manitoba Railroad, is a roomy structure and will accommodate some 600 guests. It is pleasantly situated and very finely managed. In the course of one summer it took care of 15,000 people. Among them were tourists from every part of the United States and Europe. St. Paul people have always been rather partial to the Lafayette. As the Lafayette is in a certain sense a St. Paul institution, the Lake Park Hotel seems to be the favorite of Minneapolis people. It has a beautiful site and has been excellently managed. The Hotel St. Louis has been from the first a St. Louis enterprise. Nearly all Southern people stopping at the lake prefer that hotel. All of these hotels give full dress balls twice a week, at which not only the guests of the house participate, but neighboring cottagers and people from the city. In the evening there are concerts on the verandas. At the head of the lake, at Shady Isle, and at Excelsior and Wayzata there are also good hotel accommodations.

HER OPINION.

"To-day," said he, "I graduate.
What shall I do, will you advise?
Shall I stay here to try my fate,
Or seek the West where Fortune lies?"

"It rests with you what I shall do;
Say but the word and I will stay,
But if you bid me go from you,
Again my heart must needs obey."

"I think," said she, "were you to go,
You'd find that plan by far the best."
Then in his ear she whispered low,
"I'm very sure we'll like the West."

—E. W., in *Harvard Lampoon*.



FISHING IN LAKE MINNETONKA.

ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA.

A Handsome Town, with a Superb Water Power and Remarkable Advantages for Trade and Manufactures.

BY E. V. SMALLEY.

St. Cloud, situated on the Mississippi River, seventy-five miles above St. Paul and sixty-five above Minneapolis, is one of the old Minnesota towns which has always been steadily prosperous, and can count to-day a population of 7,000. It is attracting fresh interest of late, by reason of the enterprise of its citizens in damming the Mississippi at a cost of over \$200,000, and thus creating the best water-power on the river with the single exception of that of the Falls of St. Anthony, at Minneapolis. The extension of railway facilities by the building of a direct line to the southwestern part of Minnesota, now completed to Wilmar, and soon to be extended to Sioux Falls, Dakota, is another cause of the new epoch of growth that has just begun at St. Cloud, and a third cause is the extensive development of the immense granite ledges which surround the place on both sides of the river. The quarries on these ledges already give employment to nearly a thousand men, and the demand for the stone is increasing so fast that no limit can yet be set to the growth of the industry. All these causes, combined with the continual progress in wealth and population of the very rich and beautiful farming region tributary to the town, has occasioned an increase in building and general business which, in a place of newer growth and located a little further west, would be called "a great boom" and would create an intense excitement in the real estate market and cause the local newspapers to use the word metropolis in nearly every paragraph and indulge in an unpardonable amount of braggadocio. St. Cloud is too old and well-established

bank. A long arm stretches down the west bank to the new water-power, the big sawmill and the Phenix Iron Works, and another arm reaches out to the Northwest, where there are railroad shops and factories. The river is spanned on the main street by a wide, substantial bridge for teams and foot travel, and a short distance above by a railroad bridge, over which one line of the Manitoba road enters the town



OLD TIMES IN ST. CLOUD.—THE RED RIVER CART.

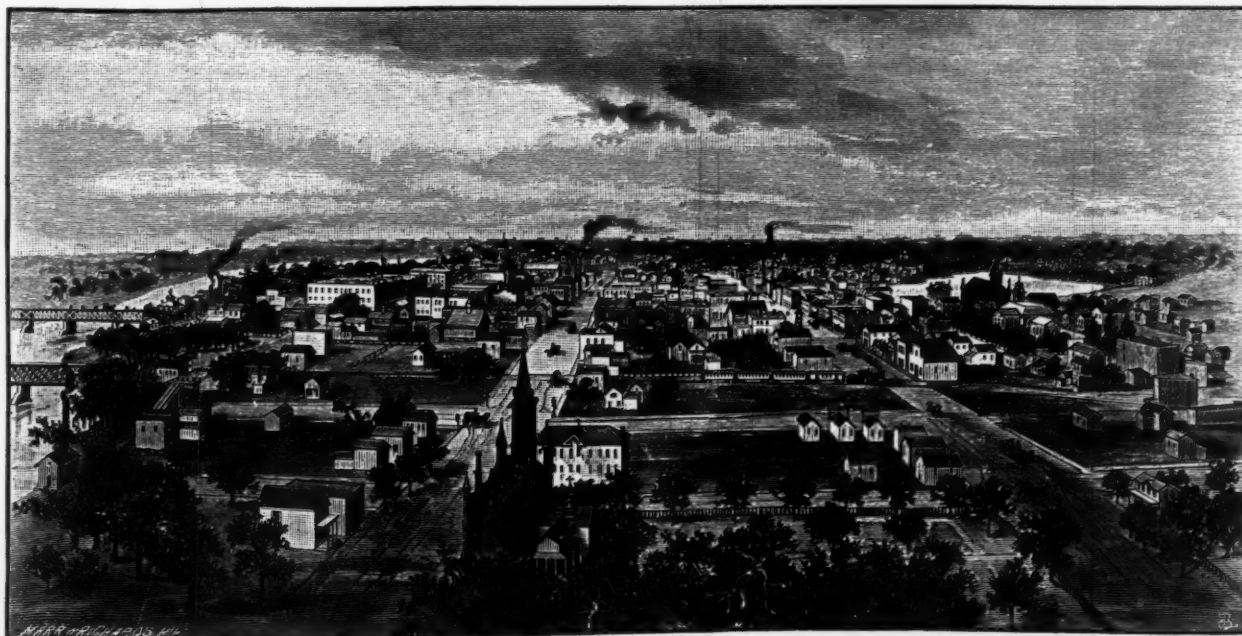
on its way from St. Paul to the Red River Valley. Another line of the same road comes in through the western suburbs, a third starts here and runs southwest to Wilmar, a fourth runs northeast on its way to Duluth, while the main line of the Northern Pacific, keeping the eastern bank of the river, has its station in East St. Cloud. Thus there is no lack of railway activity. The traveler has his choice of six trains a day to St. Paul and Minneapolis, of five to Fargo and of three to most points in North Dakota. In old times, before the railroads skirted the shores of the Mississippi the small commerce of the town came up on steamboats from St. Anthony, now a

loaded with furs. In fact it was the favorable situation of St. Cloud for this frontier trade, on the west side of the river at the head of the upper stretch of navigation which extended from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Sauk Rapids, which gave the place its first start. At Sauk Rapids, three miles up the river there was a trading post five years before the first house was built in St. Cloud, but St. Cloud had a

better location for the western trade and more good farming country on its side of the river, and it was not long in outstripping its neighbor.

I am indebted to Judge Collins for some facts about the early settlement and growth of the place. The honor of being the first pioneer is accorded to John L. Wilson, who crossed from Sauk Rapids in 1854 and built the first house within the present limits of the city, on a claim that had been staked out by Ole Bingerson, a Norwegian, which Wilson purchased. Nicholas Lahr put up a blacksmith shop and was the second settler. The same season Gen. S. B. Lowry built a log house and laid out a townsite which was called Arcadia, and for which a post-office was secured, with Joseph Edelbrock for postmaster. It is an interesting fact that Mr. Edelbrock is the present postmaster of the city. Wilson changed the name of the place to St. Cloud. In 1855

real estate speculation was active and three towns were platted—one at the upper steamboat landing, one at the lower landing and one about midway between these two. All three were finally absorbed in the growth of the central town, and a large hotel for those days, called the Stearns House, which was erected to create a business center in the lower town, is now one of the buildings of the State Normal School. The first store was opened in 1855, by Anton Edelbrock, and the first court for Stearns County was held the same year by Judge Sherburne in the dwelling of Joseph Edelbrock. The honors of early settlement are accorded to H. C. Waite, J. H. Raymond, J. H.



GENERAL VIEW OF ST. CLOUD, MINN., SHOWING THE BUSINESS CENTER.

lished to boast about her achievements, but her citizens feel a comfortable sense of satisfaction in the prosperity of the city and would be glad to have its advantages made known in a modest way. Already these advantages have attracted the attention of St. Paul capitalists, who have recently made large investments in lots, and one of whom is about to erect a handsome business block.

The city is built on a high, sandy plateau on the west bank of the river, with a suburb on the east

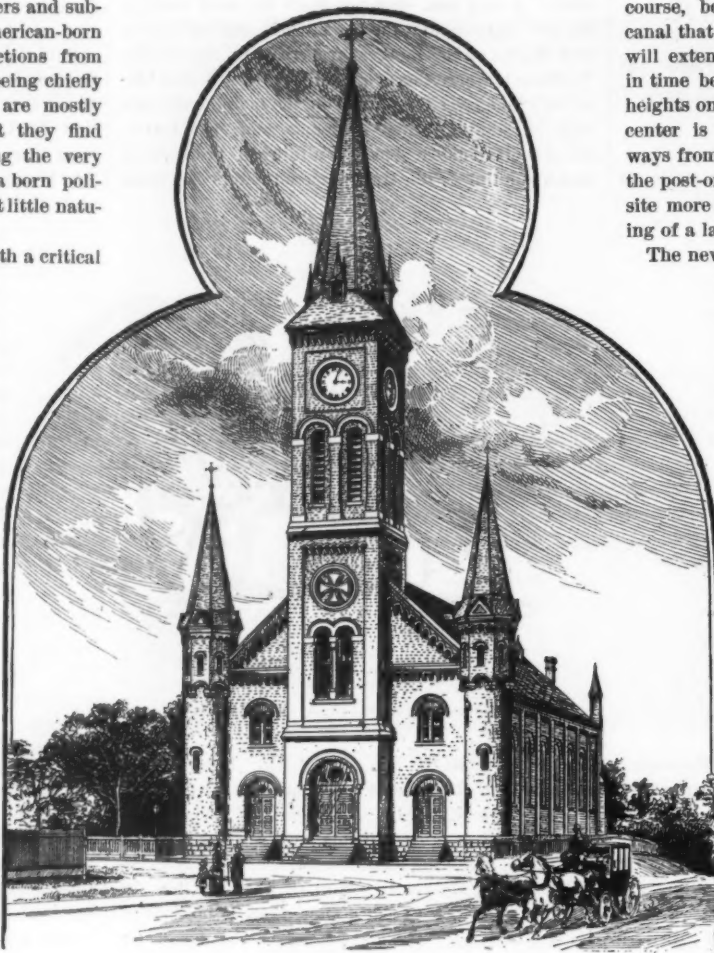
part of Minneapolis, and goods were transferred from the boats to Red River carts, each pulled by one ox and driven by an Indian, or more likely a French Canadian half-breed, for the long journey through the woods and over the desolate prairies to the Red River settlements. The sketch we give of one of these rude vehicles will be recognized as correct by many of the old residents of St. Cloud. There used to be great times in the little frontier hamlet when the long train of carts arrived from Fort Garry

Owen, Almer Smith, J. R. West, Anton and Joseph Edelbrock, J. W. Tenvoord, the Rosenbergers, S. Richart, Joseph Emmel, Barney Overbeck, H. G. Filmore, Joseph Brokel, V. Wetzel and Joseph Kindler. From these names it will be seen that the pioneers were about evenly divided between the American and German elements. These two elements have since kept up about their original relative strength in both town and county. The Germans are mostly Catholics from the Rhine country and from Bavaria

and Wurtemberg. They are thrifty farmers and substantial citizens. Of late years the American-born population has received the larger accretions from immigration, the new growth of the city being chiefly from this class. In politics the Germans are mostly Democratic, but it is a singular fact that they find their active leaders and organizers among the very small Irish element. The Irishman is a born politician, but the German appears to have but little natural talent for party management.

A stranger, looking about St. Cloud with a critical eye, will first observe the activity on the two long, wide business streets which cross each other at right angles and are fairly well built, both red and yellow brick being used in the newer structures. A number of the original frame stores still remain. He will note the two big hotels, one of which, the West, has just been enlarged both perpendicularly and horizontally, and is now four stories in height and the most conspicuous edifice in the business center of the place. The two tall, brick Catholic churches will next attract attention, one being the Cathedral Church of Bishop Seidenbush, with its episcopal residence and gardens attached; the other, almost as imposing in its dimensions, is also German in its language. The Baptists have a handsome church, and the Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians are comfortably housed, but the Catholics surpass all other sects in the cost and dimensions of their buildings. The public school houses are five in number, including two erected this year. Then there is the State Normal School, with its cluster of attractive buildings standing in a park-like enclosure on the river's bank, an institution of which the citizens feel proud, and which is doing an excellent work in the cause of popular education. Its president is Thomas J. Gray. The principal of the public schools is C. C. Schmidt.

A visitor is sure to be favorably impressed with the residence streets, where shade trees abound, where the roadways are never seriously muddy, no matter



ST. CLOUD.—THE GERMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

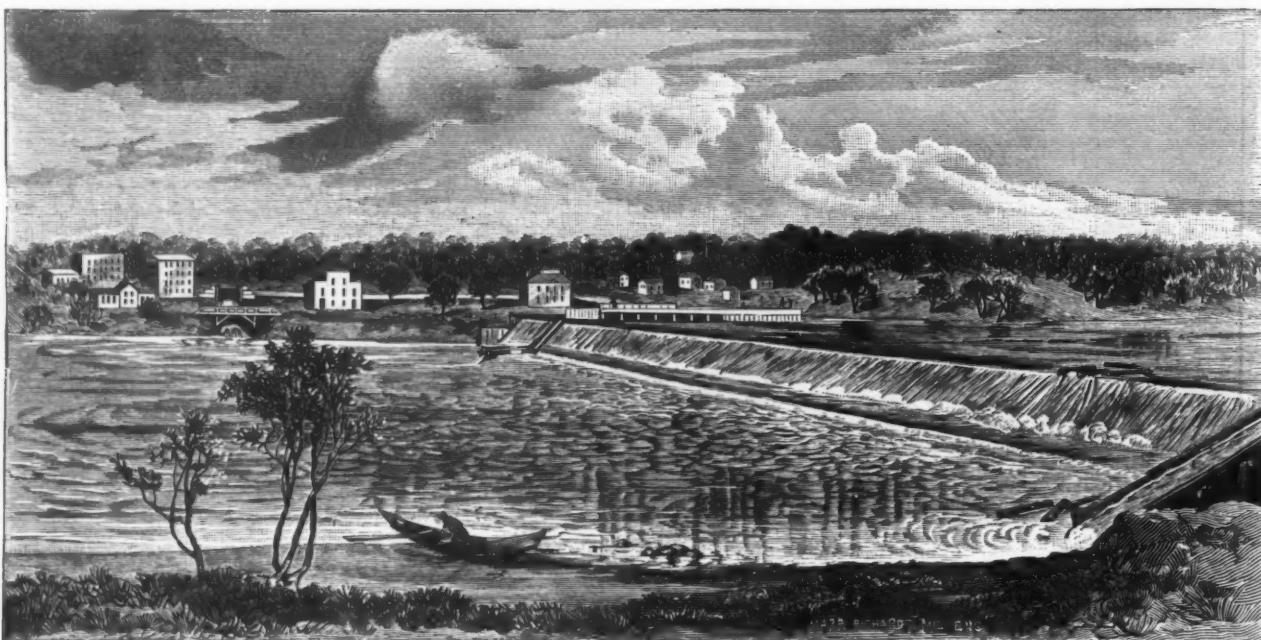
place is the little lake, in the heart of the town and only a block away from one of the business streets. It covers about fifty acres of ground and is capable of being made a great deal more attractive than it is now, by a little money spent by the city authorities to cut the wild rice out of its waters and make a shaded boulevard around its shores. The city fathers

course, be near the big dam and the water-power canal that leads from it. The fine residence quarter will extend around the public park, and there will in time be a second one occupying the noble wooded heights on the east bank of the river. The business center is already well-defined and will extend all ways from its nucleus near the banks, the hotels and the post-office. It would be hard to find anywhere a site more favorably adapted by nature for the building of a large town.

The newspapers of St. Cloud are four in number, one printed in the German language, and all weeklies. The oldest is the *Journal-Press*, Republican in politics, and edited by W. B. Mitchell, a veteran journalist with a state reputation. The *Times* is the Democratic paper, and its editor, C. F. McDonald, is prominent in the politics of the county and State. The *Tribune* is a new Republican paper, lately established by W. C. Brower, who removed from Sauk Center, where he had been for several years in the newspaper business. The German paper is the *Nordstern*, Wm. P. Remer, editor. It will not be long before a daily will be demanded by the growth of the city, but neither of the present publishers is in a hurry to take the financial risks of such a venture.

THE WATER POWER.

Let us now look a little more carefully into the special causes that are favoring the growth of St. Cloud. First among these is the water-power which, as I have said before, is the best on the river with one exception, best as to volume and also as to improvement for economical use by a large number of mills. The Water Power Company was organized in 1884, with a capital stock of \$200,000, and work was begun upon the dam in 1885 and completed in November, 1886. The dam is so solidly built that it is practically beyond any danger from freshets. Oak piles were first driven into a good foundation to a depth of from twelve to sixteen feet, and the stone-filled cribs fastened to the piles with iron spikes. The dam gives fifteen feet head



ST. CLOUD.—VIEW OF THE WATER POWER.

how hard it may have rained, and where there are many pleasant homes, with ample lawns and beds of flowers. The streets skirting the river bank is particularly handsome, beginning near the bridge and extending out to the Normal School. A unique feature of the

should go up to Fergus Falls and see how beautiful a similar lake in that city has been made.

For the future growth of St. Cloud there is ample space of nearly level ground on both sides of the river. The new manufacturing district will, of

and the main canal from which power is supplied is 1,000 feet long by 100 feet wide. The total capacity is 12,000 horse-power. Sixteen mill sites are owned by the company. A liberal policy is pursued in all arrangements for leasing the power. For the first

flour mill to be erected the company offer a free site, a cash bonus of \$5,000 and a half-rate for power for a long term of years. Such a generous offer will soon secure a first-class mill. Others will be sure to follow. With the railroads radiating through the hard wheat belt and a short line to the head of Lake Superior, St. Cloud is admirably situated for milling

each quarry there is a little village of workmen, and the total number of hands engaged is now estimated at 1,000. Until this year all the granite has been shipped in rough blocks, or finished only so far as could be done with the chisel, but there is now at one of the largest quarries a polishing establishment run by a Minneapolis firm, which is turning out all kinds

wheat for milling and the shipment of manufactured articles to western markets the situation of the place could hardly be improved. Another road, running south to Litchfield and Mankato, is projected by a local company, and to aid its construction a State grant of swamp lands is available. The new southwestern line of the Manitoba, going off into Dakota



ST. CLOUD.—THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

in transit. On grain destined to be ground and shipped to eastern markets as flour from Duluth the saving in distance from points in Northern Minnesota is about sixty-five miles in favor of St. Cloud over Minneapolis. The officers of the Water Power Company are D. B. Searle, president; N. P. Clark, vice president; J. E. West, secretary and general manager, and F. E. Searle, treasurer. Among the stockholders is J. J. Hill, president of the Manitoba Railroad. Millers and manufacturers looking for a favorable location in the Northwest are invited to correspond with the officers of the company, or with L. T. Troutman, secretary of the St. Cloud Chamber of Commerce.

THE GRANITE QUARRIES.

On both sides of the Mississippi, near St. Cloud, is a remarkable granite formation, cropping out here and there in the oak woods or open fields in huge "hog-back" protuberances. The stone is of two varieties, red and gray, and in quality is fully equal to the famous Quincy granite of Massachusetts. It is handsomely mottled and takes a high polish, and it is so cheaply quarried and handled that it can be profitably marketed for the common uses of foundation stones, curb stones and paving stones as well as for the finer uses of monuments, polished columns, etc. Ten quarries are now being worked and another will soon be opened with the labor of penitentiary convicts who are next year to build a State prison for themselves and their successors, about three miles from the city, on the eastern side of the river. The superintendent of this new kind of penitentiary work is Hon. D. E. Myers, of St. Cloud. At

each quarry there is a little village of workmen, and the total number of hands engaged is now estimated at 1,000. Until this year all the granite has been shipped in rough blocks, or finished only so far as could be done with the chisel, but there is now at one of the largest quarries a polishing establishment run by a Minneapolis firm, which is turning out all kinds

by way of Wilmar and Sioux Falls, now being constructed with the aid of local subsidies from the counties it traverses, is regarded as of special value to the city, putting it on a through line from the corn belt and soft wheat belt of South Dakota, Western Iowa and Nebraska, to the head of Lake Superior.

Notes and Reminiscences.

St. Cloud is famous among cattlemen throughout the State for its fine stock. Near the city are four large stock farms devoted to raising blooded cattle, owned, respectively, by D. B. Searle, John Cooper, N. P. Clark and Charles Gilman. Short horns are the favorites with all the breeders and many have been the premiums carried away from State fairs by the St. Cloud herds.

From St. Cloud started into the then wilderness, in 1854, the first exploring expedition for the Northern Pacific Railroad. It was sent out by the War Department under the act of Congress which provided for the exploration of four routes to the Pacific, and was commanded by Isaac I. Stevens, who took out with him his commission as the

first governor of Washington Territory.

For a few years before the civil war St. Cloud was the home of one of the most vigorous women writers and reform agitators that this country has ever produced—Jane G. Swisshelm. She published a weekly newspaper of ultra anti-slavery views; and running against the prejudices of a part of the community her press and types were thrown into the Mississippi by a mob. This did not intimidate her, however. She bought new material and continued her paper, which was the predecessor of the *Journal-Press* of



ST. CLOUD.—LAKE GEORGE.

THE RAILROADS.

St. Cloud is peculiarly favored, for a place of its size, with railway facilities. It is one of the central points of the Manitoba system, which has lines running in five directions, and it enjoys also the great advantage of being on the main transcontinental line of the Northern Pacific. Both for the receipt of



ST. CLOUD.—F. E. SEARLE, PRESIDENT CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

to-day, edited by her nephew, William B. Mitchell.

The banks of the city are the First National, the German American National and the private bank of Clark & McClure. Of the First National, Mr. Bell is president and J. G. Smith, cashier; of the German American, F. E. Searle is president and F. M. Morgan is cashier; and of the private bank N. P. Clark is the owner, his former partner being dead; and the cashier is O. F. Carver.

A fine quality of jasper is found near one of the granite quarries three miles from the city. No use has as yet been made of the stone, which is expensive to cut, because of its hardness.

ST. CLOUD'S SCHOOLS.

St. Cloud is especially well supplied with schools. It is divided into two districts, with two large brick school houses, and its school population, now numbering about one thousand, has grown so entirely beyond the present accommodations that this season witnessed the building of an eight-room brick school-

house in the First ward and a four-room school in the opposite extreme of the city, while the high school building is being renovated at an expense of \$4,000. In all, about \$35,000 is being expended in this way this summer. Beside this, two parochial schools are being built; a four-room frame building for the Catholic church parish, and a three-story brick structure for the cathedral parish. The public schools proper are under the government of Mr. C. C. Schmidt, a graduate of Minnesota's university and an experienced teacher, and a corps of sixteen assistants, and they afford a thorough course in all branches of study leading up to the university. The school population has more than doubled in the past five years. St. Cloud has also successfully tried the experiment of lady school directors, having two ladies, Mrs. L. W. Collins and Mrs. S. Fuller, on the school board.

St. Cloud is, moreover, the location of a great Normal School, the third in their order of construction, but now ranking with the best in the West, and indeed, it is ranked by French educationalists, who have made a study of normal school work, as first in this country in its system of instruction. Its course of study is so arranged as to give a more thorough professional training to teachers than can be elsewhere found in the West, and though its grade of admission has been constantly raised until the preparatory course has been wholly dropped for two years, yet the attendance has as constantly increased. With the entire building utilized from basement to roof—four stories—there is not now room for those who apply, and the grade will again have to be raised. Its students this year came from nine states and thirty-nine counties of Minnesota. It offers two courses of study: an elementary of three years, and an advanced course of four, beside a special teaching course to graduates of high schools and colleges, allowing them to graduate in one year. The school is especially equipped with text books and circulating libraries, a valuable collection of physical apparatus, a life-size French manikin, an excellently stocked chemical laboratory, museum of natural history and geology, and thoroughly well supplied training school and kindergarten. It has also successfully tested for the State the "ladies home" plan. A large home-like, three-story brick building, heated by hot air, lighted by gas, with all the comforts of a home, supplies the young lady students with furnished rooms and board at \$3 per week. The school buildings are

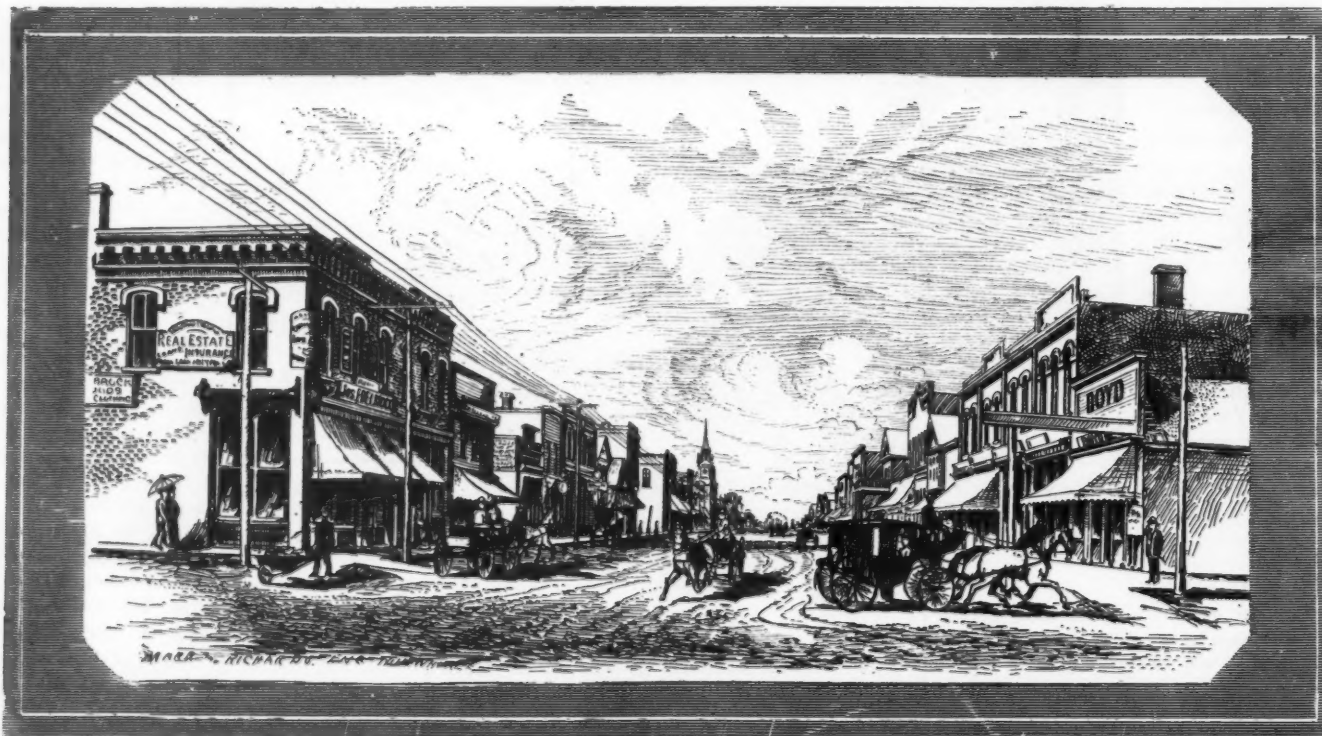


ST. CLOUD.—L. T. TROUTMAN, SECRETARY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

handsomely located on a high bluff overlooking the Mississippi River—an especially beautiful and healthful site. The school is under the management of W. B. Mitchell, the resident member of the State Normal board, and President Thomas J. Gray, who is assisted by a corps of twelve very competent instructors, several of whom have won exceptional reputations in the educational world.

ST. CLOUD'S BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

Since the completion of the water power, sites on which can now be secured at a nominal price, no location in the country is better adapted for flour milling than is St. Cloud. Nearly all the hard wheat of Northern Dakota and Western Minnesota shipped to St. Paul and Minneapolis mills passes through St. Cloud. The latter is situated in the center of one of the finest of western wheat-growing districts, which yields annually several million bushels of the best hard wheat. The price of wheat here is from six to seven cents per bushel less than at Minneapolis or



ST. CLOUD.—VIEW ON ST. GERMAIN STREET.

The treeless prairies of Dakota and Western Minnesota are sixty-five miles nearer by rail to St. Cloud than to Minneapolis, whence the largest amount of lumber for these districts is now shipped, while the logs are driven from sixty-five to seventy-five miles by river below St. Cloud, and then sawed and reshipped

country, tributary to it, where little or no timber can be found.

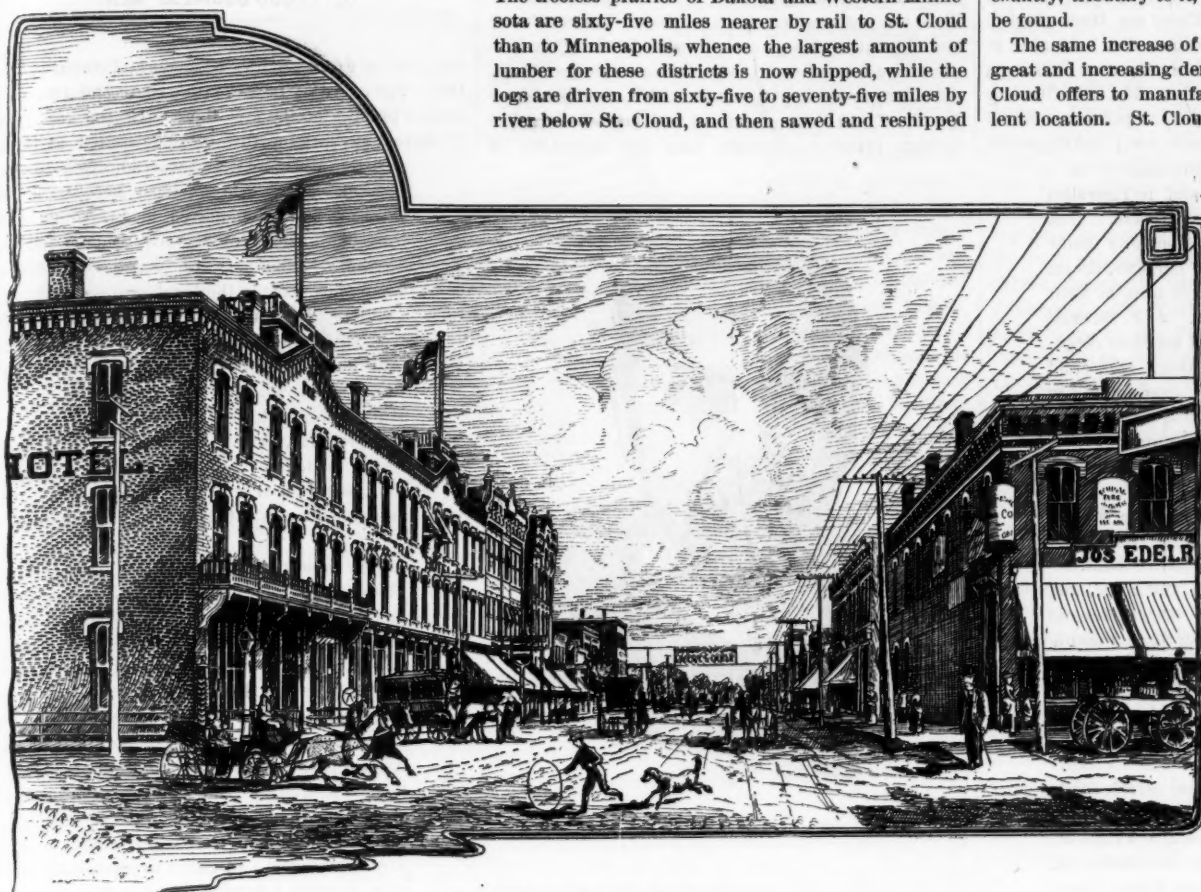
The same increase of population makes an equally great and increasing demand for farm machinery. St. Cloud offers to manufacturers of the latter an excellent location. St. Cloud also affords a splendid location for paper mills, owing to the vast supply of bass, poplar and other soft woods obtainable close by, and also the large supply of straw, which can be bought at a nominal price from the farmers, who now burn it on the fields.

Within a short distance of the city, on both sides of the river, are good clay beds, adapted to the manufacture of both red and cream building-brick of the best quality.

Large beds of kaoline suited to the manufacture of fire brick, pottery, etc. can be bought within a short distance of the city.

An honest investigation of the opportunities offered to millers and manufacturers will establish the truthfulness of all that St. Cloud lays claim to.

L. T. TROUTMAN.



ST. CLOUD.—VIEW ON 5TH AVENUE.

St. Paul, while shipments of flour can be made both east and west to better advantage than from those cities.

A line of twelve steel cruisers adapted to carrying freight, now in course of construction, will connect with the St. Paul, M. & M. R. R. Co's. system, and will ply between Duluth and Buffalo. When this line is in operation, which will be within a short time, flour can be shipped from St. Cloud to Buffalo at a rate not exceeding thirty cents per barrel, and can be laid down in New York City as cheap as from Springfield, Ohio, or any point west of it. Apart from the State and Inter-State Commerce acts, which secure these advantages by land, no point has received more favorable rates from railroads than St. Cloud, and even though these laws should happen to be repealed, it would have no effect on the favorable shipping rates from this point. The city being situated on the direct railway line to Duluth, wheat coming in from any of the five directions in which the St. P. M. & M. R. R. Co. has run its lines from here, can be milled in transit.

With cheaper mill sites and water-power, cheaper wheat, cheaper freight rates, both East and West, and no switching tariffs, (which have become burdensome to the Minneapolis mills) St. Cloud bids fair to become one of the leading flour-milling centers of the Northwest. Such advantages have already attracted two mills of large capacity, and others are being contemplated by millers of practical experience.

The famous granite quarries (six of them, and employing about 1,000 hands) surrounding the city, are a marked advantage, not only in the great number of men employed in working them, but also in helping them to secure cheap freight rates, owing to the immense amount of freight that they furnish for transportation.

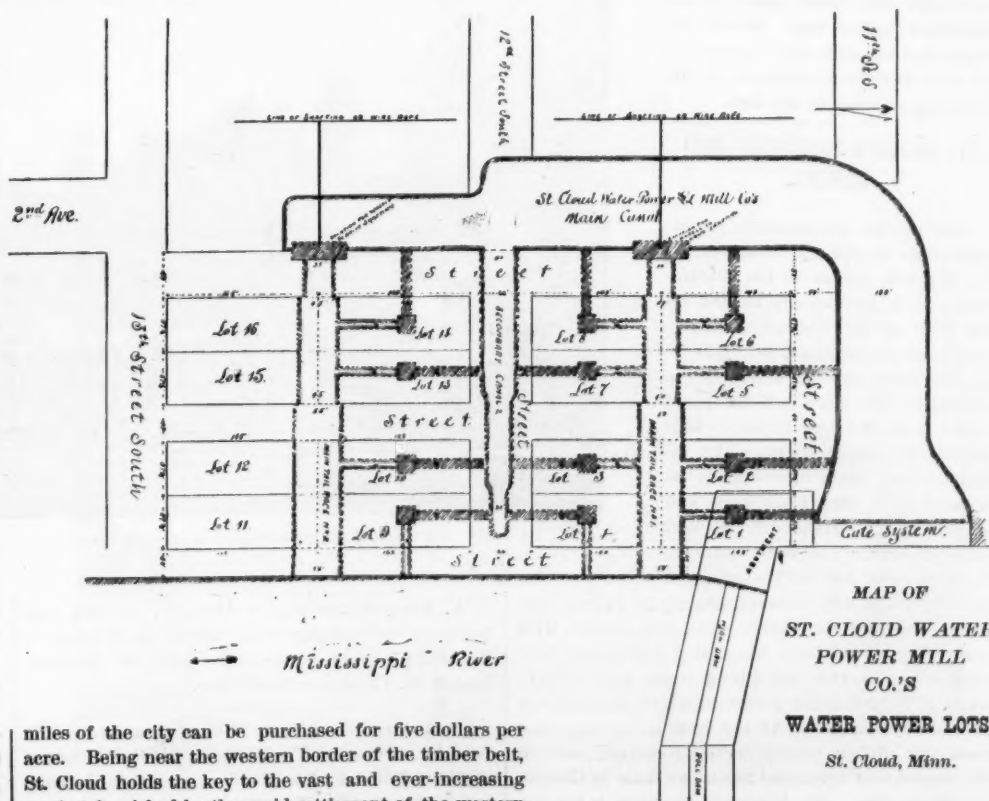
Probably in nothing, however, does St. Cloud excel more than in its facilities for the manufacture of lumber and manufactures of hard woods. Within the city limits are boomage facilities of the best character. Over 300,000,000 feet of pine logs float past her doors annually, on their way to mills further down the Mississippi.

through St. Cloud to the North and West to points to which St. Cloud is directly connected by rail.

Manufactures of hard wood, such as wagon and farm machinery and especially manufactures of furniture, can here secure an abundant supply of excellent timbers. Situated in the western part of the great hard wood belt of the Upper Mississippi. St. Cloud is surrounded by forests of maple, ash, and black, white and red oak of fine quality, and so cheap that it is being now cut and shipped for fuel. Fine hardwood timberland within from fifteen to thirty

SOME OF ST. CLOUD'S MANUFACTORIES.

One of the chief causes of St. Cloud's uniform prosperity has been the gradual but healthy growth of its numerous smaller manufacturing enterprises. It has borne for years the mark of a manufacturing town and the diversity of its industries has enabled it to weather financial storms with comparative safety. Some of these enterprises have been established for many years and have grown from small beginnings to a very considerable dimension, employing in some



instances from thirty to forty and as high as fifty men in their busy seasons. There are three planing mills and sash, door and blind factories, belonging to F. H. Dam, who also makes a thousand bob-sleds each year, F. E. Levenseter who adds also novelty wood-works and the manufacture of patent combined step-ladders and chairs, foot-rests, etc.; and Raymond & Owens. D. H. Spicir, manufactures on a large scale a kitchen cabinet and refrigerator, and has a large and assured trade. The Rosenberger Manufacturing Company make the North Star seeder, plows, harrows, drags, and also all kinds of work in iron, at their foundry and machine shops. J. F. Stronisi & Co. also have a foundry and machine shops, making steam engines, shafting, etc., and giving steady employment to from twenty to thirty men. Bessette Bros. have carriage and buggy works and turn out large numbers of a patent buckboard and sleighs. Stiles & Keeler manufacture a patent stone for pavement, chimneys, tiling, etc., and are rapidly extending their trade throughout the State. I. M. Noyes has the most extensive manufactory of lumbermen's tools in the State, and also turns out a large number of wagons and bob-sleighs each year. Giles & Strobel manufacture buggies and sleighs. At the northern limit of this city also is the fine flouring mill of F. Arnold. This mill was burned last fall, but he has rebuilt it new throughout, of 200 barrels daily capacity, using the St. Cloud Phoenix mills. A second mill of 350 barrels daily capacity, to be of solid brick, five stories high, and large enough to be increased to a capacity of 600 barrels daily, has been contracted for, the Chamber of Commerce and Water Power Company giving a handsome bonus to Messrs. Tles-ton & Co., of Faribault, for its location here. It is a significant fact in this connection that the rates on flour to New York are such that it can be shipped as cheap from here, if not more so, than from Minneapolis, while it has been shown that the wheat can be made to flour here considerably cheaper than it can at the latter place. St. Cloud has also three large breweries, two of them having extensive malt houses in connection with them and one with bottling works. They turn out 12,000 barrels of beer yearly. The C. Bridgman saw mill is now turning out 50,000 feet of lumber per day, and saws yearly about 5,000,000 feet of logs. This is an important industry, but it makes use of only about one-twentieth of the boomage afforded by the dam.

ST. CLOUD'S HANDSOME RESIDENCES.

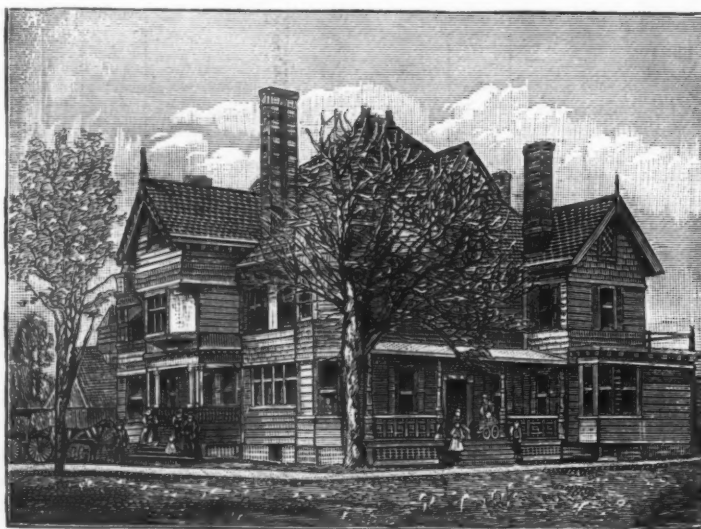
One of the handsomest private residences in the city is that of W. B. Mitchell, shown in the illustration. It is handsomely located on the bluff of the Mississippi River, and from its windows lovely views of the river and its windings are obtained. The house is of the Queen Anne style and has all the conveniences of modern times. The interior is very finely furnished in the natural woods and plate glass and stained glass of artistic designs, used without stint. The front entrance is into a large hall with a great red brick fireplace, and finished heavily in carved oak. At the right are the library, finished in cherry, with low, richly carved book cases, and mantel and casement windows, and the dining room, also in oak, while at the left is the parlor, in which the finish is in bird's-eye maple. At the rear are a large bed room, the kitchen, pantry, serving room, etc., and on the second floor seven bed rooms, all done in Georgia and Texas pine. Mr. Mitchell's however, is but one

of the fine residences to be found in St. Cloud, for there are many others both imposing in appearance and elegant in design and interior finish, while it is the unusual number of pretty, cottage-style dwellings, with large well kept grounds which give St. Cloud its air of wealth and comfort and good living, that belongs rather to Eastern than the generality of



ST. CLOUD.—D. B. SEARLE, EX-U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Western towns. Among the more noticeable residences are those of C. C. McClure, a somewhat imposing structure in the midst of extensive grounds; of Capt. J. E. West, which also has a handsome lawn, while in the rear is a row of stately pines standing as sentinels at this farthest outpost of the pine regions of Northern Minnesota; of Postmaster Edelbrock, Mr. J. P. Wilson, Ex-Lieut. Gov. Gilman and Mrs. Margaret J. McKelvy, all overlooking the Father of Waters; the homes of Messrs. F. E. Searle, J. G. Smith, D. B. Searle, E. H. Moss,



ST. CLOUD.—RESIDENCE OF W. B. MITCHELL.

J. W. Metzroth, the Staples Bros., Dr. Gilman, and dozens of others scattered throughout the city, and all combining to impress the visitor with the pleasantness of St. Cloud as a home town.

SAGE ADVICE.—"Shay, Mithur Druggist, what's good ter sober up on?" Druggist: "I don't know of anything better than to stand on your own doorstep and hear your wife's footsteps."

ST. CLOUD BUSINESS MEN.

F. E. SEARLE,

was born at Franklinville, New York, February 21st, 1853; was educated in his native State and prepared for the practice of the law there. In the year 1873 he turned his face northward and located at Sauk Centre, Minnesota, and was admitted to bar in 1876. Mr. Searle practiced here for about six years and then moved to St. Cloud and became a member of the law firm of Searle, Searle & Tolman. Mr. Searle occupied a prominent place in the legal profession of the country. In June, 1886, Mr. Searle withdrew from the practice of law, and accepted the presidency of the German American National Bank, made vacant by the death of Mr. Edgar Hull, who was killed by the dreadful cyclone of April 14th, 1886. Mr. Searle applied himself to the task of building up the business of the institution of which he stands at the head, and soon demonstrated his ability as a financier.

J. E. WEST.

A very prominent figure on the streets of St. Cloud, and a man identified with the city from its early days, is the bearer of the name at the head of this sketch. Was born in Green County, Ohio, in 1834, where he spent about twelve years of his life. In 1846, moved to Logansport, Indiana, and then after four or five years emigrated to Bloomington, Illinois. After a period of five years located at St. Anthony Falls, Minnesota, now a part of Minneapolis, and lived there for a short time. In 1855 he moved to St. Cloud, where he has lived ever since. Engaged in mercantile business, keeping a general merchandise store for

several years. Afterwards manufactured lime and brick. In 1862, enlisted in Company I of 7th regiment Minnesota volunteers, serving three years, and rose from the ranks to captaincy of his company. In 1870, Mr. West was commissioned postmaster, and gave entire satisfaction, and after sixteen years of service he retired from office in April, 1886. In 1872 Mr. West built the "West House," which to-day is the most popular hotel in the city.

For many years Mr. West labored with untiring zeal to induce the people of St. Cloud to make it an important manufacturing center. In the face of much opposition and after numerous discouragements he succeeded in organizing the St. Cloud Water Power & Mill Co. and the St. Cloud Land Improvement Co., of which he was made, and is to-day, general manager, and commenced making preparations to construct a dam across the Mississippi River. He labored early and late, and overcoming one obstacle after another he commenced the building of the dam in August, 1885. He was on the ground when the first shovelful of dirt was thrown, and watched the progress of the work till its completion in December, 1886, an improvement regarded by competent engineers as one of the finest of its kind in the United States.

D. B. SEARLE

Was born at Franklinville, N. Y., in 1846, took a collegiate course, including law, at Columbia College, Washington, D. C.; came West in 1871

and located at St. Cloud and began the practice of law, entering into partnership with Judge Hamlin. In 1873 Judge Hamlin retired from the firm, Mr. Searle continuing alone till 1883. In 1882 he was honored with the appointment of the United States District Attorney for the District of Minnesota, and then formed a partnership with his brother, F. E. Searle and Frank Tolman, under the firm name of Searle, Searle & Tolman. In 1885 Mr. Tolman retired, leaving Mr.



ST. CLOUD.—BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

D. B. Searle and F. E. Searle in partnership till June, 1886, when the latter withdrew to accept the presidency of a bank. Mr. Searle

then took with him Mr. C. F. Lamb, a former student, the firm now being Searle & Lamb. Mr. Searle continued in the employ of the government for over three years and discharged the duties of his office with credit and satisfaction. In November, 1885 he tendered his resignation to President Cleveland, which was accepted. Mr. Searle stands at the head of the Stearns County bar, and is regarded as a lawyer of eminent ability. He has long been a prominent politician, and a hard worker in the national, state, and other campaigns. He is a large owner of farm lands and city property, and owns the finest business blocks in the city, having done much to improve the looks of St. Cloud in the erection of first-class buildings.

W. B. MITCHELL

Spent his boyhood days in Pennsylvania, being born at Pittsburg in the year 1843; came West in 1857 to St. Cloud and was employed in the office of the *Visitor*, published by his aunt, Jane G. Swishelm. In 1864 he bought out the establishment, changing the name of the paper to the *Journal*, and in 1873 purchased the business of the *St. Cloud Press*, and christened his paper the *Journal-Press*, which name the paper bears at this day, Mr. Mitchell retaining the ownership and editorship-in-chief to the present time. Mr. Mitchell was twice honored with the appointment of receiver of the United States land office at St. Cloud; first in the year 1864 by President Lincoln, being removed in 1865 by President Johnson for political reasons; was again appointed in 1878 by President Hayes and held the office till 1885. Mr. Mitchell publishes one of the best weekly papers in Minnesota, is a successful business man, and has accumulated a great deal of property; is interested in the growth of the city, being a large stockholder in the St. Cloud Water Power & Mill company, and president of the St. Cloud Land Improvement Company. Has been for many years resident director of the State Normal School at St. Cloud.

L. T. TROUTMAN.

L. T. Troutman, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and a member of the firm of Troutman & Tolman, one of the leading real estate and insurance firms of the city, is a native of Illinois. He was born at Jacksonville in 1853, but in his infancy his father removed to Philadelphia, where he engaged in mercantile business, and later, in 1865, again removed to the anthracite coal regions of that State.

Mr. Troutman spent his youth at Plattsville and Mahanoy City, where he received his education and where for eight years he was in the employ of the Redding Coal & Iron Company in a responsible position, obtaining a thorough knowledge of the business. In 1879 he moved to Philadelphia and was connected with the wholesale coal trade. In 1884 he came to St. Cloud and engaged in the insurance business with Capt. J. E. West, the leading underwriter of this city, the firm being West & Troutman, and two years ago, in connection with Mr. Frank Tolman, bought

the entire business. Mr. Troutman is by nature and training a thorough business man, strictly honest and exact in his dealings, methodical and accurate in his habits, and thoroughly posted in his business, he naturally has acquired a leading position among the business men of St. Cloud, and must continue to grow in prominence. His firm does the largest insurance business in the city, representing about twenty of the foremost companies.

L. W. COLLINS.

Judge Collins is an Eastern man, and was born at Lowell, Mass., in 1838; in 1824 settled in Hennepin County, Minnesota; in August, 1862 enlisted in the Seventh Regiment of Minnesota Volunteers and served to the close of the war; was admitted to the bar in the fall of 1863 at Hastings, Minn., and after serving his country as above noted, moved to St. Cloud and began the practice of law in May, 1866. Judge Collins represented his district in the State Legislature for three terms; also had a long time of service as county attorney, holding the office for ten years. In 1876, 1877 and 1878, he was mayor of the city. In 1883 he was

elected to the bench of the district court of the Seventh Judicial District, over which court he now presides.

C. F. MACDONALD,

The publisher and editor of the *St. Cloud Times*, was born in Nova Scotia in 1843; spent his early boyhood in Pennsylvania, after which he came to Minnesota, where he has lived ever since; served his country in the Ninth Minnesota Volunteers, enlisting in 1862, and remained in service till the war closed. Returning from the army he lived for about nine years at St. Paul, and in 1875 came to St. Cloud and purchased the leading Democratic weekly of Northern Minnesota. Mr. Macdonald has long been a prominent figure in the Democratic ranks. He served three terms as State senator and is now a member of the State Central Democratic Committee. In 1885 was appointed by President Cleveland to receivership of the United States land office, which office he still holds.

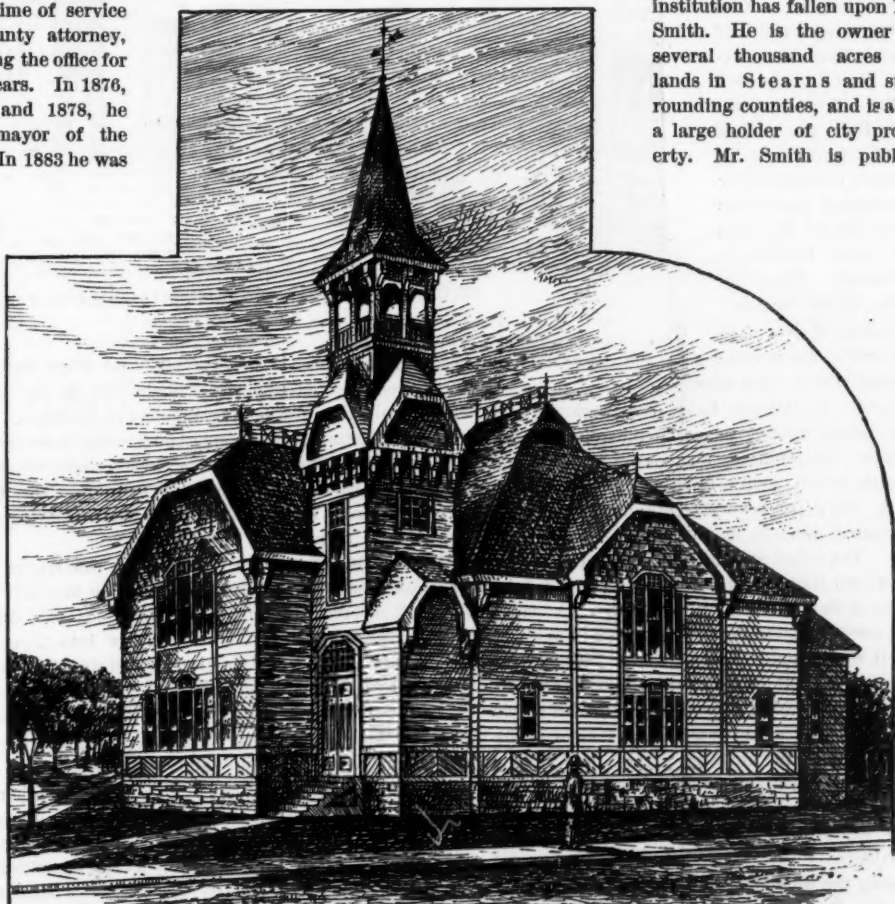
P. B. GORMAN.

Mr. Gorman is a native of Sligo, Ireland, having been born there in 1845; came to New York in 1847, and after eleven years' residence moved to Southern Michigan; was educated at Ann Arbor schools and attended the State University there. In August, 1862, he enlisted in the Twenty-fourth Michigan and served three years. He was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg and lay in a Philadelphia hospital for eighteen months. After the close of the war he came to Minnesota and finally settled in St. Cloud. He was county superintendent of schools for four years and studied law in the office of Judge McKelvy. In March, 1886, he was appointed to the office of register of United States land office, made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Freeman.

J. G. SMITH

has long been a prominent man in financial and business circles of the city. He was born in Jefferson County, New York, in 1833. Came to St. Cloud in 1867 and entered upon the duties of cashier of the First National Bank, which position he holds to-day. The president of this bank lives in the East, hence,

much of the responsibility of conducting the business of the institution has fallen upon Mr. Smith. He is the owner of several thousand acres of lands in Stearns and surrounding counties, and is also a large holder of city property. Mr. Smith is public-



ST. CLOUD.—THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

spirited, and labors for the building up of the place.

D. H. FREEMAN

is one of the well-known firm of Coates & Freeman, who for many years have been in the livery business, and own to-day one of the best and handsomest stables in the State. Mr. Freeman was born in Edgar County, Illinois, in 1849, and came to St. Cloud in 1857 and has resided here since. Through the death of his father, at the hands of Indians, in 1863, he was early sent out into the world to fight its battles. By strict integrity and close application to the work in hand, he has worked his way up to a position of prominence, and is regarded as one of the wide-awake business men of the community in which he resides. It has been his good fortune to acquire the ownership of a great deal of quarry and farm land near St. Cloud, and considerable city property. In the spring of 1879 President Hayes appointed him Register of U. S. Land Office, which office he filled with entire satisfaction till August, 1886, when he tendered his resignation to President Cleveland. Mr. Freeman is now a member of the State Legislature, and a Republican in politics.

For The Northwest Magazine.

ADVANTAGES OF SEATTLE.

Seattle, the largest and wealthiest city of Washington Territory, is a point which no visitor to the Pacific coast should fail to visit. It is a typical western city, and the prosperity which it is now enjoying guarantees for it a growth in the near future as remarkable as that of any of the western cities which have so suddenly become centers of vast population. A visit to Seattle means a visit to one of the most beautiful and best located cities in America. The city is located on the east side of Elliott Bay, an arm of Puget Sound, which has been pronounced by experienced navigators to be one of the best and safest harbors in the world. The high lands which surround the harbor shelter it so completely that a vessel can ride at anchor in any weather with perfect safety.

East of Seattle lies Lake Washington, a body of water which excites the admiring wonder of all beholders. Its length is about twenty miles and its breadth, which varies greatly, averages about five miles. Its depth is very great, and its waters, which are poured down by mountain streams, are pure and cold. The forest and mountain scenery which surrounds the lake renders it one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the United States. A canal will soon connect Lake Washington with Puget Sound, and it will unquestionably become the most important naval station on the Pacific Coast. The city of Seattle secures from Lake Washington an inexhaustible supply of pure water, always clear, cold and sparkling. In the northern part of the city, and between Lake Washington and the bay, lies Lake Union, a smaller but scarcely less beautiful body of water upon whose banks many elegant residences have been built.

Along the water front of Seattle for two miles extends an almost unbroken line of wharves and docks, at which are constantly steam and sailing crafts of

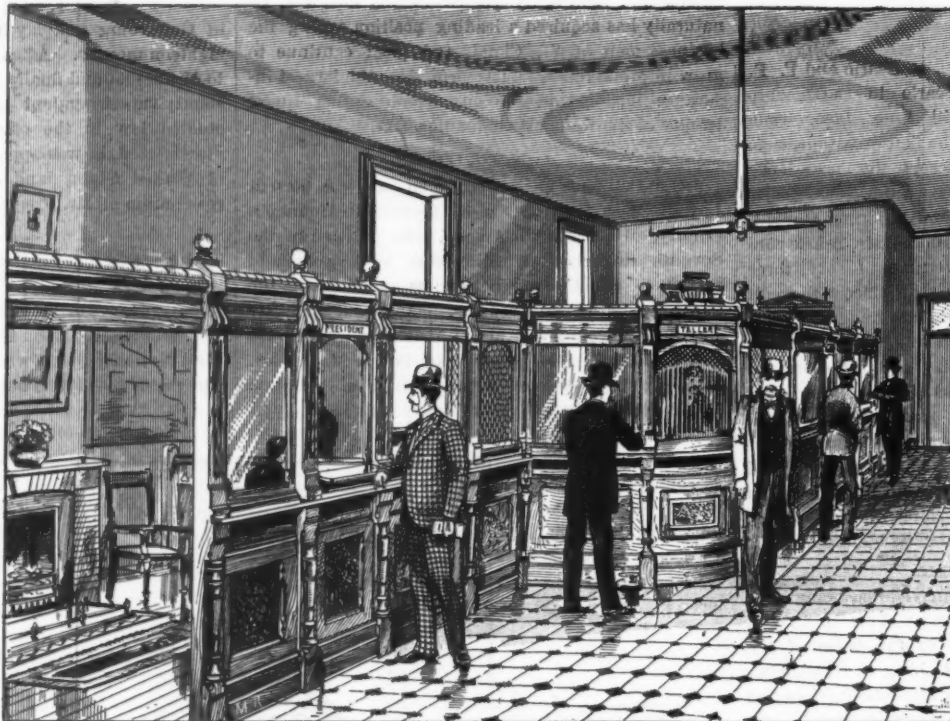
all kinds, from the tiniest tug to the largest deep-water vessel. Not less than seventy-five steamers make Seattle their headquarters, and these ply in all the waters of the Northwest coast, reaching almost every village and trading station on the coast of Washington Territory, British Columbia and Alaska. The excellent means of communication which these steamers afford has caused the establishment in Seattle of a wholesale trade greater than that of any other city of equal size in the United States. Seattle merchants find their customers in every part of the vast expanse of country between the Columbia and Yukon rivers, and especially in all parts of Washington Territory.

But Seattle is not simply a mercantile city. Its rare advantages of location have commended it to manufacturers, and it already ranks among the most important manufacturing points on the Pacific coast. It has ten sawmills, four sash and door factories, three foundries, three extensive machine shops, two car factories, an extensive boiler factory, an ice factory and a cracker factory, besides breweries, cigar factories, soap factories, ship yards, hide and leather curing establishments, grist mills and manufacturing industries of almost every kind. The workmen em-

men is now being turned to Seattle to a remarkable degree. A visit to the office of Eshelman, Llewellyn & Co., will readily convince one of this. Eshelman, Llewellyn & Co., it should be explained, are the most extensive real estate dealers of the city. It is through them almost exclusively that Eastern capital is invested in Seattle real estate, and their offices are the headquarters of Eastern visitors to the city. Here there may be found at almost any hour of the day strangers studying the maps of the various additions to the city, or inquiring about lots which they are anxious to purchase and improve. Mr. W. H. Llewellyn, of this firm, is one of the most enthusiastic believers in the future of Seattle, and he is always ready to give the reasons for his belief. In a conversation with a representative of THE NORTHWEST, who recently visited Seattle, he said:

"I have the firmest faith that the extraordinary prosperity which Seattle is now enjoying is neither deceptive nor temporary. I believe that it will not only continue, but that it will continue to increase, and my belief is founded upon the careful observation of the causes which have led to the growth of so many of the booming cities of the West. I feel safe in saying that Seattle will, within three years, be the

terminus of five transcontinental lines. Its connection with the Northern Pacific already makes it the real, even if it is not the nominal, terminus of that line. The Canadian Pacific is already able to put freight on our wharves in competition with the American roads, and the completion of the Seattle & West Coast Railroad, which is being pushed forward as rapidly as men and money can push it, will soon give us all rail connection with the East by the great Canadian route. Then the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern is pushing its line forward to a connection with the Manitoba, and the recent railroad development in the North are compelling the Southern Pacific to hasten the construction of its California & Oregon branch to compete for the trade of Oregon and



ST. CLOUD.—INTERIOR OF THE GERMAN-AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK.

ployed in these factories receive high wages and have generally secured homes of their own on the beautiful hillsides overlooking the bay or the lakes. The manufacturing development of the city, however, has but begun, and the projects already under consideration, if carried out, as most of them seem sure to be, will place it among the foremost manufacturing cities of the Union.

Seattle is the center of a farming country of rare excellence. While the uplands are for the most part still covered with forests, the low lands surrounding the lakes and the rivers which flow into them and into the Sound produce crops which would cause an Eastern farmer to open his eyes in amazement. The fruit and vegetables which are to be found in the Seattle markets during the greater portion of the year are of remarkable size and excellence. This fact renders living cheaper than in almost any other city of the Pacific coast. This cheapness of living, together with the mildness and healthfulness of the climate, has attracted to Seattle a class of refined and cultivated people who by their presence renders its society peculiarly charming.

The attention of Eastern capitalists and business

Puget Sound. That the Union Pacific will be in Seattle within six months is an assured fact, so you can see that none of our five transcontinental roads is far off. Better than all roads, however, we are on the open sea, and with such advantages there is no reason why Seattle should not be one of the great cities of America. Why, during last month, more than 33,000 tons of coal were shipped from our harbor, and the development of our mineral resources has scarcely begun. With all these things added to the already assured commercial position of Seattle and the proverbial push and enterprise of its citizens, I see no reason to doubt that Seattle's wonderful growth will continue without interruption."

Sanguine as these hopes seem, they are apparently not unjustified by the facts. Seattle is now a well-lighted, well-paved city of 15,000 inhabitants, containing many palatial residences and massive business blocks. It is estimated that the population has increased at least 2,000 since January 1, 1887, and a careful computation of the buildings now in process of erection or about to be erected justifies the statement that not less than \$1,500,000 will be invested in such improvements during the present year. W. T. C.

ST. CLOUD BUSINESS MATTERS.

TROUTMAN & TOLMAN.

On the most prominent corner in the city, opposite the Grand Central Hotel, are located the real estate, insurance and loan offices of this enterprising firm, the members of which are L. T. Troutman, formerly of Pennsylvania; Frank Tolman, lawyer, and O. W. Baldwin, lawyer, the last two gentlemen having lived in Minnesota all their lives, and recognized as being among the brightest members of the Stearns County bar. This firm own and have exclusive control of a large list of city property. Are proprietors of Prospect Park addition, recently platted, containing eighty lots, and have an interest in Central Park addition. Also hold a large interest in and have exclusive control of Riverside Park lying on the east side of the Mississippi River about one-eighth of a mile from the big dam, which, besides being fine residence property, comprises one of the finest sites for lumbering in the city, having eighty-five rods of boomage rights. They loan money on city and farm property, on the best of security, for loaning companies and private parties. They are agents for twenty of the strongest fire insurance companies, and are the leading insurance firm in the city. Their list of farm lands comprises thousands of acres in Stearns and surrounding counties. This firm make a specialty of investing funds for non-residents in real estate, on the joint plan, and exercise the utmost care in the selection of the investment.

ATWOOD & ATWOOD.

Among the leading real estate and loan agencies of the city may be found the firm of Atwood & Atwood, composed of E. H. Atwood and Clarence L. Atwood, father and son. The former is a native of Lockport, N. Y., but came to Sangamon County, Ill., in 1853, and seven years ago moved to Minnesota and settled at Maine Prairie, in Stearns County, about thirteen miles from St. Cloud. At the present time he is owner of a fine farm containing 600 acres, used for both agricultural and stock purposes. Mr. E. H. Atwood has long been a prominent man in his section, and is now vice president of the Farmers' Alliance for the Fifth Congressional District of Minnesota, and a member of the executive committee of the State Farmers' Alliance. Clarence L. Atwood has lived in Minnesota nearly all his life and is a graduate of the St. Cloud Normal School; studied law in the law office of Bruckart & Reynolds at St. Cloud; was for three years principal of the public schools at Melrose, Minnesota. Since 1884 he has been principally engaged in insurance and real estate. In the spring of 1886, he formed partnership with D. E. Myers, under the name of Myers & Atwood, to carry on a real estate and insurance business. The firm did well from the start, selling a large amount of farm lands. In the spring of 1887, Mr. Meyers retired to take the superintendency of the State Reformatory, to be built near St. Cloud, when Mr. E. H. Atwood took his place in the firm. This firm are owners of 2,000 acres of lands and are interested in quarry lands near this city; are also owners of city property, improved and unimproved, and besides, are agents for 100,000 acres of land in Stearns, Benton and other counties. They also do an extensive loaning business for both private parties and loan companies. This firm are right at the front and are centrally located over Clark & McClure's bank, corner of St. Germain Street and Fifth Avenue.

M'CLURE & WHITNEY.

This firm are heavy dealers in real estate. The firm is composed of C. P. McClure, who has lived in St. Cloud all his life, and who, since the death of his father, in 1882, has had entire management of his father's estate and business, whose interests were scattered throughout Northern and Western Minnesota. The other member of the firm is A. G. Whitney, formerly of Sauk Center, Minnesota, where he was largely engaged in the real estate and loan business, being one of the heaviest dealers in farm lands in this section of the state, and loaning large sums of money during the past seven years. They now control 200,000 acres of land in Stearns and adjoining counties. Are proprietors of McClure & Whitney's addition, containing over 200 lots, and part owners of Central Park addition, having more than 1,000 lots. They invest money for non-residents, pay taxes and attend to collection of rents. Have on hand constantly first mortgages on farm and city property, for sale, and also buy notes and mortgages. They are men of push and integrity, and can be found in their handsomely furnished offices on the second floor of the fine brick block of McClure & Searle, on Fifth Avenue near St. Germain Street.

E. H. MORSE MORTGAGE LOAN CO., LIMITED.

This is the largest money lending (mortgage loans) institution in St. Cloud, and in fact, in Northern Minnesota. Mr. Morse was born in Little Falls, Minnesota; has lived in St. Cloud all his life; was

educated at Cornell University, and studied law in the office of Judge Collins, at St. Cloud, and was admitted to the bar in 1882; has associated with him for a law partner, Mr. E. G. Mills, formerly of Wisconsin, who was admitted to the Stearns County bar in 1886. For the past five years Mr. Morse has loaned vast sums of money on farm security, representing private capitalists, both home and foreign, and agent of the Minnesota Loan and Trust Co., of Minneapolis. Mr. Morse has sub-agencies in Sherburne, Benton, Wright, Morrison and several other counties. In 1886 his loans footed up over \$300,000. On May 1st, 1887, he organized the E. H. Morse Mortgage Loan Co., limited, the affairs of said institution being presided over by the following officers: E. H. Morse, president; John O'Hourigan, treasurer; J. S. Bowe, secretary.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Organized in 1867 as a private bank, with James A. Bell as president and J. G. Smith cashier. In 1882 was reorganized with a capital of \$50,000. The present officers are, James A. Bell, president; L. W. Collins, vice president; J. G. Smith, cashier and E. E. Clark, assistant cashier. This bank is one of the financial institutions of St. Cloud and Northern Minnesota and has a surplus of \$20,000. As an evidence of its growth, we note the average daily deposits for the past six years: 1882, \$120,000; 1883, \$125,000; 1884, \$130,000; 1885, \$140,000; 1886, \$150,000; 1887, \$210,000.

GERMAN AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Was organized in August, 1883, with a capital of \$50,000. The officers being as follows: President, C. A. Hull; Vice President, F. E. Searle, and Cashier, Edgar Hull. C. A. Hull retired in May, 1885, and Edgar Hull was made president, and F. M. Morgan, of New Hampshire, cashier. Mr. Edgar Hull was killed by a cyclone April 14, 1886, after which F. E. Searle was promoted to presidency. Naturally, with so many changes, the bank was retarded in its growth. It is now in good hands and growing rapidly. It has a surplus of about \$7,000. We note the average daily deposits, since organization: 1883, \$25,000; 1884, \$45,000; 1885, \$70,000; 1886, \$90,000; 1887, \$130,000.

CLARK & M'CLURE.

An old institution, organized as a private bank in 1859, by H. C. Waite, who was succeeded by N. P. Clarke and T. C. McClure. Mr. McClure died in 1881 since which time the bank has been conducted by Mr. Clarke. This institution enjoys the fullest confidence of both city and country people, who place their money here for safe keeping.

ST. CLOUD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Organized in 1883, and reorganized in the spring of 1887. It has a membership of seventy. Meets regularly every Monday morning. This organization has been of great benefit to the city. It aims to set forth to the outside world the advantages possessed by St. Cloud as a mercantile and manufacturing point and to protect the business interests of her citizens. The present officers are F. E. Searle, president; C. P. McClure, treasurer; L. T. Troutman, secretary.

WEST HOTEL.

Was built in 1873, being a three-story brick veneered building, containing thirty-five sleeping rooms, and owned by J. E. West. In the fall of 1886, the property was leased for ten years to J. D. Waller, who was at the Sherman House, St. Paul, for a long time. This hotel is being enlarged by being raised to four stories and having an addition built to it—when completed will have 100 sleeping rooms, elevator, electric bells, steam-heating, five sample rooms, large office and dining room, and will be put in first-class order. The new part will be ready for occupancy September 1st, and nothing will be spared to make it a first-class hotel in every particular. The part now in use is handsomely furnished and the hotel is the most popular in the city, being crowded to its fullest capacity.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.

Large three-story brick veneered building, having been built in 1883 and enlarged soon after. Has about 100 sleeping rooms. Is owned by J. E. Hayward, an old resident of St. Cloud. His son, W. H. Hayward, is proprietor of the hotel. This hotel enjoys a good trade. In addition to the foregoing, there are the Minnetonka House, Grand Pacific, Grand Union and several other hotels.

THE WEINHAUS MECHANICAL TELEPHONE.

This telephone represented in the cut is the invention of Theo. H. Weinhaus, of St. Cloud, Minn. It combines many new features with the advantages of the Bell Telephone, and is destined to supersede all others for private use. It overcomes angles and works with entire satisfaction on crooked lines. It is easily erected and adjusted and requires very little attention to keep it in working order. The case consists of two parts, each composed of a single block of wood suitably turned, between which is stretched and clamped the diaphragm, consisting of two

thicknesses of parchment. The rear part has a central cavity on both sides, and between these cavities a thin flat partition is retained to form the sounding board. The front portion of the back block is turned out or recessed, adjacent to its periphery, to form an annular shoulder adjacent to its central cavity, and upon this shoulder the two parchment thicknesses of the diaphragm are stretched, after having been suitably dampened, by forcing upon their edges the front ring of the case, the rear face of this ring being suitably recessed and shouldered to correspond and interlock with the annular shoulder and recess upon the back block. By this interlocking of the surfaces two circular creases and bends, at right angles to each other, are formed in the diaphragm that effectually prevent its relaxation or giving away at the edges. The two parts are then united by wood screws.

The diaphragm has a small perforation, in the center for the passage of the wire, and upon its front is placed a hard rubber button to which the telephone wire is fastened. By this construction a sounding chamber is produced between the diaphragm and the flat sounding board. A conical funnel, having its smallest end toward the sounding board, is made in the rear of the back block, and thus while the volume of sound is intensified the ordinary ringing noise is mostly avoided by having the diaphragm constructed of two thicknesses of the same homogeneous substance having the properties of parchment.



Pat. Jan. 4, 1887.—The Best Vibrating Telephone Invented.

The alarm or call is made by simply rapping on the button in the telephone; magnetic bells may be attached if desired.

This telephone, when in proper condition, delivers all messages in such a clear and natural tone that the operator can recognize the person, if an acquaintance, by the distinctness of his voice, and thus the dull and husky vocalization, so common with the use of other telephones, is almost wholly avoided. The low price at which it can be profitably furnished to the public should quickly introduce it far and wide.

A company composed of leading business men of St. Cloud has been incorporated for the purpose of the manufacture and sale of this telephone. The principal place of business is St. Cloud, Minn.

The officers and directors of the corporation are: Theodore H. Weinhaus, president; James R. Bennett, jr., vice president; William P. Remer, secretary; William L. Rosenberger, treasurer, and Peter Goetten, all of St. Cloud. The company is prepared to grant exclusive rights for the sale or manufacture of the telephone, or will promptly fill private orders.

AGENTS WANTED in every county in the United States where exclusive rights have not heretofore been given. SEND FOR CIRCULARS AND PRICE LISTS. Special discounts to live and energetic men.

Address all communications to

WILLIAM P. REMER.

Sec'y The Weinhaus Telephone Co., St. Cloud, Minn.

DEATHLESS.

There lies in the center of each man's heart
A longing and love for the good and pure,
And if but an atom, or larger part
I tell you this shall endure, endure,
After the body has gone to decay—
Yea, after the world has passed away.

The longer I live and the more I see
Of the struggle of souls towards heights above,
The stronger this truth comes home to me,
That the universe rests on the shoulders of love—
A love so limitless, deep and broad
That men have renamed it and called it God.

And nothing that ever was born or evolved,
Nothing created by light or force,
But deep in its system there lies dissolved
A shining drop from the great love source—
A shining drop that shall live for aye,
Tho' kingdoms may perish and stars may die.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Independent.

PHILIPSBURG AND GRANITE MOUNTAIN.

The Oldest Silver Camp in Montana and the Richest Silver Mine in the World.

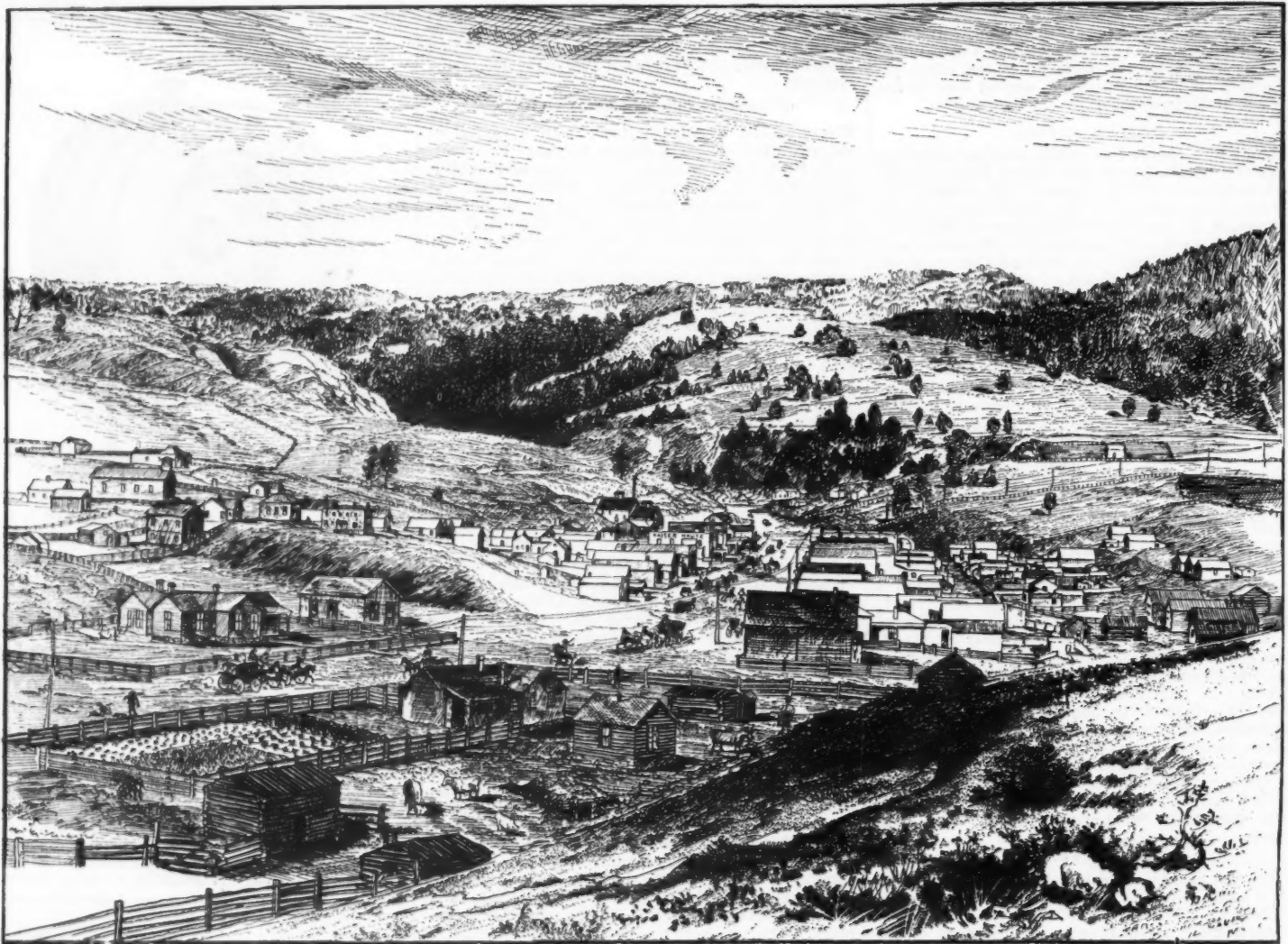
BY E. V. SMALLEY.

Near the head of the green valley of Flint Creek, and not far from the slopes of the Main Divide of the Rockies, which here take an east and west trend, nestles the old mining town of Philipsburg, where silver ore was first successfully mined in Montana. It is an interesting fact that only about twenty-five miles distant, in the valley of Gold Creek, the first discovery of gold in the Territory was made, close to where the little village of Pioneer now stands. The mining of the more valuable metal preceded that of silver about five years, beginning in 1861, but after the

a corporation called the St. Louis and Montana Company, the stock in which is nearly all held in St. Louis.

Half a days journey by stage is required to reach Philipsburg from Drummond, the nearest station on Northern Pacific Railroad, and the distance is about the same across the mountains from Anaconda, on the Montana Union. All the hauling is from Drummond, however, following the easy grades up the valley of Flint Creek. Soon the six-mule team, the swearing driver and the heavy wagon, plowing deep ruts in the road, will be things of the past, for a Montana company at the head of which is Ex-Governor Hauser is building a branch road for the Northern Pacific from Drummond, which will be opened for business this month, or in September, at the furthest. The distance is twenty-six miles, and a very favorable and inexpensive route is afforded by the level

dict that it will before long become a rich and populous mining metropolis, resembling Butte in the number and importance of its enterprises. The railroad will bring the place into the busy world of travel. Hitherto hidden among its mountains, and accessible only by a tiresome stage ride, it has been too remote to command much attention from the large class of capitalists who visit Montana every year, and look about for promising mining ventures. Already there are many signs of new growth. The present population is about 1,000. Sanguine residents predict that it will be as many as 5,000 before five years go by. There are three hotels in the town, a dozen stores and shops and a weekly newspaper, the *Mail*. Town-lot speculation has not yet set in, although a number of new residence streets are growing up, and there is on all hands the busy, confident air that betokens a live town. A bank is needed,



VIEW OF PHILIPSBURG, MONTANA, FROM THE WEST.—[From a photo by Hower.]

rich placers had been pretty well worked out the industry of extracting silver from the rocks soon left far behind in importance the simpler operations of washing the red dirt and gravel for the yellow dust and nuggets. It was in 1866 that the Hope Silver Mine was opened on the hill-top near Philipsburg, and the stamp mill built in the town. This enterprise would not have been feasible at so early a date had not the ore been of the free milling kind, so that the process of extraction was simple and inexpensive. The great operations of getting the silver out of the base refractory ores by roasting and chloridizing had to wait for the advent of railroads in Montana. The original Hope Mill is still pounding away with its ten stamps in its old stone building in the town, paying good and regular dividends, and regarded with something like an affectionate interest by the citizens as the pioneer enterprise of the place. It is owned by

valley and wide canyon of Flint Creek, a route with no tunnels, no rock-cutting to speak of, few bridges and only two miles of standard mountain grade. Traffic for the branch does not have to be sought in the future development of the country but is ready and waiting. The mines around Philipsburg will alone furnish tonnage enough to make it a paying road from the day the first freight train runs over it. From the railroad Philipsburg expects great things in the near future and with good reason, too, for there are dozens of good prospected mines in the immediate vicinity, which could not be worked when all machinery and supplies had to be hauled by mule power, but which will now attract capital for their development. The town is in the natural center of a large district abounding in silver ore, a district that has already developed the most productive silver mine in the world, and it is by no means extravagant to pre-

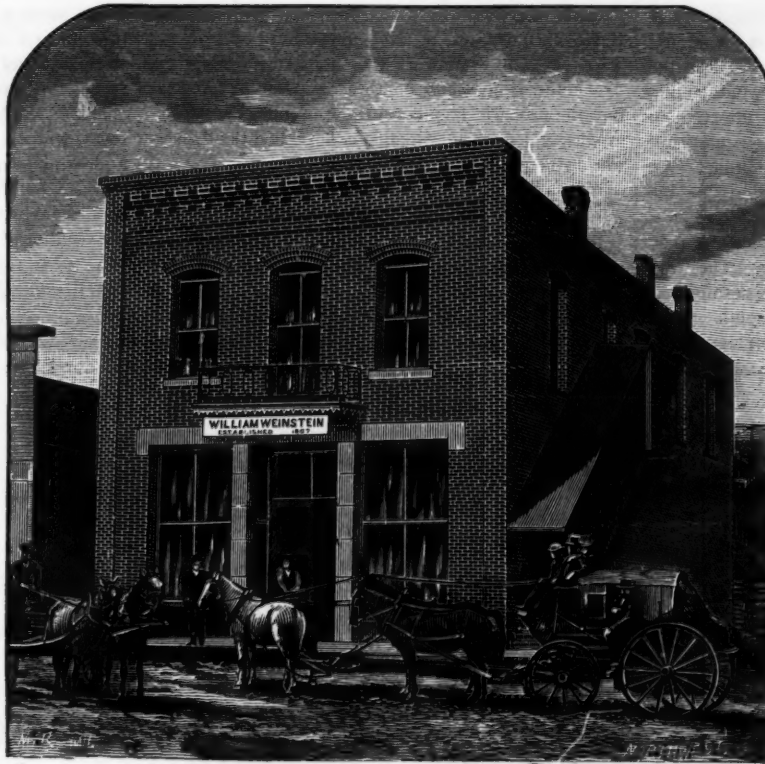
dict that it will before long become a rich and populous mining metropolis, resembling Butte in the number and importance of its enterprises. The railroad will bring the place into the busy world of travel. Hitherto hidden among its mountains, and accessible only by a tiresome stage ride, it has been too remote to command much attention from the large class of capitalists who visit Montana every year, and look about for promising mining ventures. Already there are many signs of new growth. The present population is about 1,000. Sanguine residents predict that it will be as many as 5,000 before five years go by. There are three hotels in the town, a dozen stores and shops and a weekly newspaper, the *Mail*. Town-lot speculation has not yet set in, although a number of new residence streets are growing up, and there is on all hands the busy, confident air that betokens a live town. A bank is needed,

and a municipal charter that would secure a general cleaning up of the main street, and the construction of sidewalks would be a good thing. Four miles from Philipsburg, over a good but steep road, is the village of Granite Mountain, near the great mine of the same name, a unique little burg, built among the huge granite blocks and boulders of the mountain side, partly hiding in a crevice and partly clinging to a precipitous slope where there is only room for one side of a street. There are about as many people here as in the town at the foot of the mountain. Most of them work underground in the mines or in the huge silver mill near by. There is a uniformed band in the place, and the visitor is startled at evening by the unexpected sound of music from among the rocks and pines, and can hardly credit his senses when the swelling volume of melody goes echoing through the solitudes of the high

mountains. The road up Granite Mountain commands superb views and the hour's ride will always be memorable to me among recollections of many mountain journeys on two continents. The savage peaks of the Main Divide, all rock and snow, looked almost as grand as the Swiss Alps above Grindelwald, where tower the famous peaks of Schreckhorn and the Monchorn, and across the bright green valley below, and over the grassy slopes of the foot-hills was flung the gay scarf of a brilliant rainbow.

THE MINES.

By far the most important group of mines in the Phillipsburg district, though not the oldest, is the Granite Mountain group, dating back, in its first discovery to 1872, but in its profitable development only about three years. The monarch of this group is the Granite Mountain mine, a phenomenal mine, now producing more silver per month than any other mine on the face of the earth. It is stocked for ten millions of dollars and is owned in St. Louis. Up to July 11, 1887, it had paid in dividends to its stock-holders \$2,600,000. There have been expended for buildings, machinery, etc., about \$225,000. The first dividend declared April 5, 1885, was \$60,000. During the first six months of 1887 a cool million had been divided among the stockholders. Its stock, which but a short time ago could be bought for three dollars per share is now paying regularly dividends amounting to six dollars per share annually, so that the lucky holders who had faith enough to buy the stock in the early stages of the development of the property, are getting 200 per-cent. of annual revenue on the amount they invested. The mine, located in 1872, was very little developed until 1880, when about \$50,000 was expended. It went into the hands of the present company in 1881, and \$40,000 more was laid out in running tunnels. This work resulted in striking the "Bonanza Shoot" in November, 1882. Since then the history of the mine has been one of uninterrupted and phenomenal prosperity. For persistent faith in the existence of a large body of valuable ore in Granite Mountain, and for untiring efforts to prove his theory much credit is due to Charles Clark, formerly superintendent of the Hope, and now one of the principal owners of Granite Mountain stock. He was succeeded in the development of the mine by Frank L. Perkins. The more recent management has been in the hands of Capt. John W. Plummer, an energetic, competent man of large mining experience. The ore is base, containing silver, antimony, arsenic, zinc and copper, as sulphides, with native silver in considerable quantities, large specimens sometimes assaying as high as 1,000 ounces to the ton. The average assay value of the ore is 145 ounces to the ton, of which ninety-three per cent. is saved. The tailings of the mill are accumulated in large storage reservoirs, and Capt. Plummer expects some time to



PHILIPSBURG.—MERCANTILE HOUSE OF WILLIAM WEINSTEIN.

work them over by a new process which employs electricity to segregate the minute particles of precious metal.

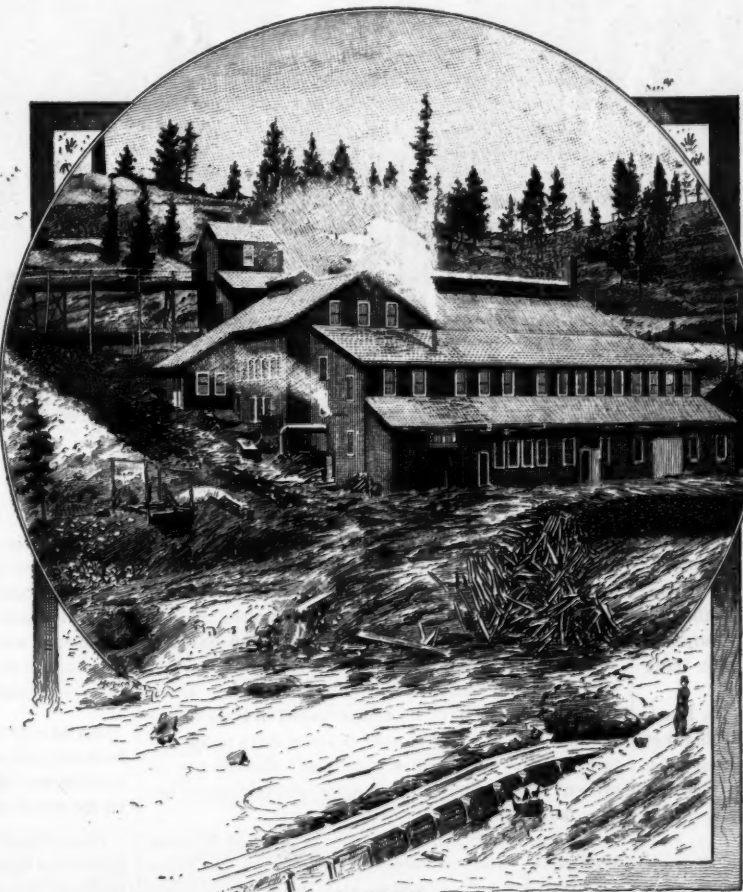
Next in importance of the mines of this group is the West Granite, opened in 1886, and owned by a Montana company, of which J. K. Pardee is general manager. The company on the Fraction lode, which immediately adjoins the Granite Mountain on the west and the Rattlesnake, Daisy Clear Grit, Butte, Alameda, Elizabeth, Douglas No. 1 and Douglas No.

at one dollar a share. Mr. Pardee, the manager, is a practical mining man of large experience, and to his sagacity, energy and earnest purpose is due the development of this important enterprise. Mr. Pardee has also been active in efforts to bring about the construction of the railroad from Drummond. The West Granite is equipped with complete hoisting works capable of sinking 1,500 feet. All the arrangements and the prosecution of the plans for development are with a view of making the property a first-class producing mine.

The Bi-metallic adjoins the Granite Mountain on the west and north and is owned by stockholders in the great Granite Mountain Company. They also own the J. G. Blaine, the Divide, the Rocky Point, the Alice, the Nora and the Fanny Parnell. A 300-foot shaft has been sunk on the Blaine, and some ore taken out and shipped. All these properties are still in the developing condition. Their proximity to the Granite Mountain and the character of the ore already struck lead to the confident belief that they will soon prove to be highly valuable properties. Chas. Clark, who developed the Granite Mountain mine, is the president of the Bi-metallic Company, and J. B. Risque is superintendent.

The Granite Belle is a St. Louis corporation, which is now putting up hoisting works on a lode just north of the Granite Mountain mine. It has a shaft down 150 feet and is regarded as a promising property.

South of the mountain on which all the mines I have thus far described are situated and separated from it by a narrow valley, is Trout Mountain, on which are located the Speckled Trout group of mines. The oldest mine on this group dates back to 1874 and was opened by the Northwest Mining Company, a Philadelphia concern in which Charles-magne Tower and Gen. A. B. Nettleton, now of Minneapolis, were



PHILIPSBURG.—THE ALGONQUIN SILVER MILL.

largely interested. The Speckled Trout Mine has not been worked recently and is now held under lease by the Algonquin Company. This latter company, managed by J. K. Pardee, also lease the Pearl, in the same group. The Algonquin has a twenty-stamp dry crushing mill which has been run at intervals on ore from its own and other mines. The Salmon and the Franklin No. 2 are mines in the same group. All these have refractory ore in limestone, except the Pearl, where the vein is in granite.

The San Francisco and the Altoona are new mines owned by St. Louis companies. They are located across the contact in the granite on veins of black sulphuret, with base metal. Their value is yet to be shown by development, but

made a few years ago on Boulder Creek, now called Clear Creek, by act of the Legislature to distinguish it from a multitude of other Boulder Creeks in the Territory, and some work was done on mines about five miles from Phillipsburg, across the mountains, but the property is now in litigation, and operations are suspended. The principal mine, called the Princeton, is the property of Baron Erlanger.

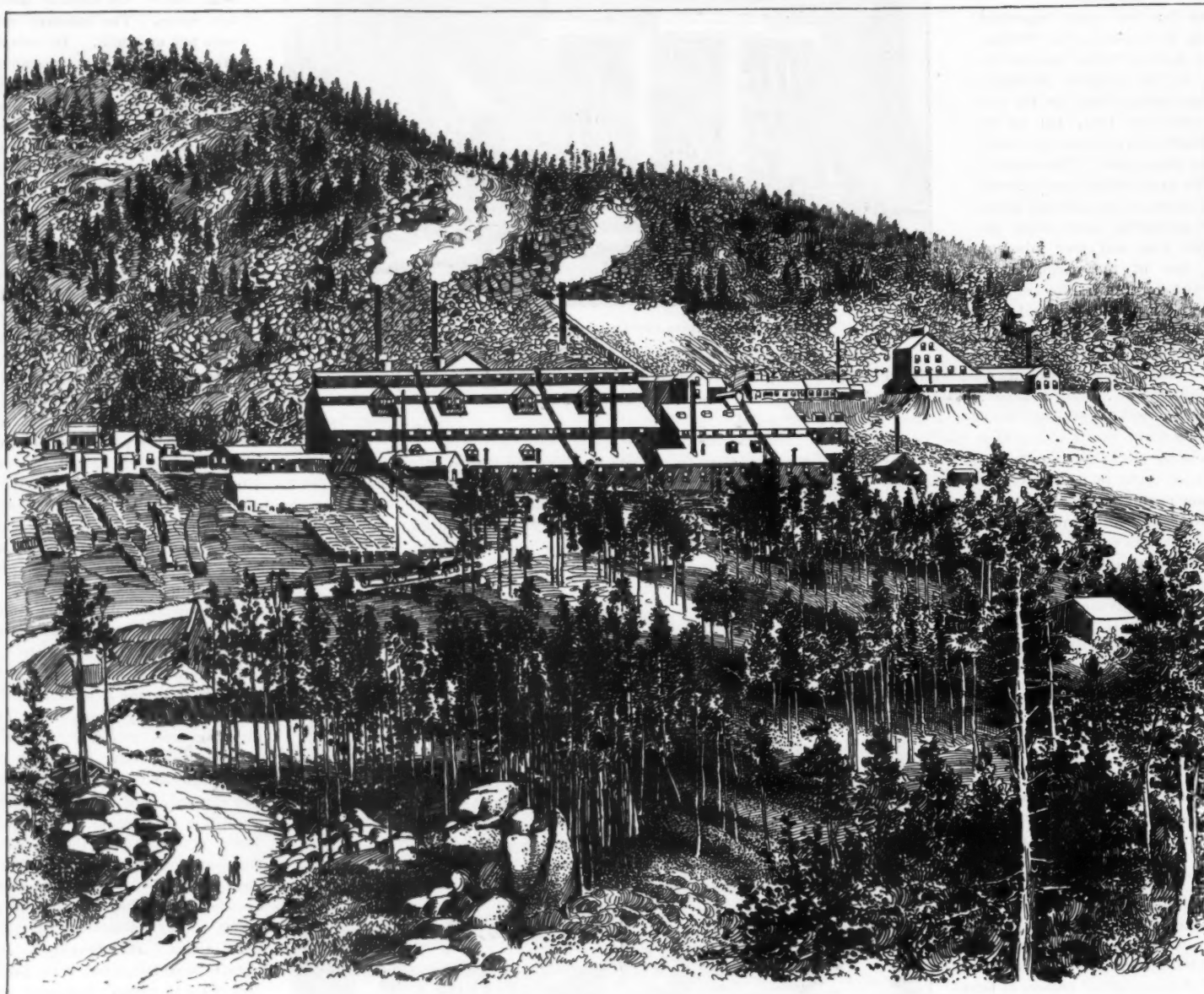
Phillipsburg Notes.

Phillipsburg was named for Philip Deidesheimer, the noted Comstock expert, who is famous in connection with the opening of the great Bonanza Mine in Nevada. He is now running a gold mine in Colorado for the Robelings, of Brooklyn Bridge fame.

is filled with pretty much everything that can be called for in a mining country, from costly dry goods to picks and shovels. He could stock up a clothing store, a grocery, a stove store, a hardware store and a boot and shoe store, out of his big establishment.

Mr. J. K. Pardee's cottage, in the outskirts of the town, with its well-kept lawn and its flower-beds, is a pleasing suggestion of home comfort, and gives the traveler, entering the place after a long stage journey an agreeable impression of the possibilities of life on the frontier of civilization.

A. A. McDonald is one of the most active business men of Phillipsburg, and is largely interested in farming, mining, lumbering and real estate. He is one of the largest property owners in the county and is en-



THE GRANITE MOUNTAIN SILVER WORKS.—[From a photo by Hower.]

they are regarded as very promising properties.

The Hope Hill group is situated on the hill immediately back of Phillipsburg and comprises the Hope, the Comanche and the East Comanche lodes, the two latter being owned in part by the Hope Company. The ore from these mines is all free milling ore, lying in a limestone formation.

Twelve miles northwest of Phillipsburg is the Black Pine group of mines. The ore is found in blanket leads in a limestone country, and the mines are the Combination, the Silver Flake, the Oxide and the Gussie. The ore is free milling ore and a mill is now being erected.

Three miles beyond is the Willow Creek district, where fifteen or twenty promising prospects have been discovered. A number of good locations were

His last name did not strike the founders of the Montana town favorably, so they adopted his Christian name. The elevation of the place above the sea level is 5,300 feet. Capt. Plummer's office at the Granite Mountain mine is 6,900 feet above the sea level. In the Phillipsburg mining district, including Granite Mountain and the outlying camps there are about 2,500 people. The district is embraced in Deer Lodge County, and the county seat is about sixty miles distant. If the district grows up to half the measure of present expectations a new county will be formed before many years.

The leading mercantile house is that of William Weinstein, who commenced business in the place twenty years ago and stands high in Montana commercial circles. Mr. Weinstein's large brick building

ergetic in his efforts to advance the town to the position its great industries entitle it to assume as one of the most famous and successful mining camps not only in Montana but in the whole country. He is connected with J. K. Pardee in the recent platting of an addition to Phillipsburg, which the growth of the place is already covering with dwellings.

An advertisement reads: "Wanted, a young man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter," and Colonel Mooney has written to ask; "What will be the result when the door slams?"

GORE MIGHT HAVE STAINED THE JUBILEE.—It is queer that Queen Victoria did not confer the Order of the Bath on some of Buffalo Bill's Indians.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.



THE WEST GRANITE MINE.—[From a photo by Hower.]

SUMMER NIGHTS IN THE BUNCH-GRASS COUNTRY.

With the going-down of the sun upon the hills of Eastern Washington, comes in the most enjoyable, and in fact, the only tolerable part of our summer weather. There is always a slight breeze through the day, which serves to prevent sun-stroke and absolute dissolution, but what with the mercury at 100° in the shade, or thereabouts, and the all-pervading, and every where permeating dust; life during the sun's fierce career, is to man and beast a thing to be endured rather than enjoyed.

The tradesman and the mechanic, the professional man and idler alike doff their coats, wilt, droop, perspire and drink. The farmer in his harvest field—which throws back the glare of the sun like a sheet of yellow metal—in two damp cotton garments, toils, drinks and perspires. If you must call at a dwelling between the hours of 10 A. M. and 5 P. M. let me beg of you to give warning of your approach, else prepare to see startling *deshabille* of the limp and palpitating inmates.

The birds and fowls extend their wings, and sit panting in the shade, the lolling dogs dig for a cool place to lie. Over everything hangs a thin fog of dust.

But presto! with the last wink of the sun behind the western hills, a delightful change takes place. The heated atmosphere, which has simmered and quivered and glowed in the canyons all day, now rises up like a bird let loose, and down from the mountains, or from heaven itself, comes a cool and refreshing breath. Languid humanity brightens up like parching grass beneath a shower. Doors, windows and suffocating bedrooms are thrown wide open. Everybody flocks out of doors. Supper has a relish, unknown to the midday

meal. The cloud of dust is gone, clean bodies and crisp garments are possible. "Ah! how delightful!" "How refreshing!" "Isn't it glorious?" are the proper comments.

The twilight lingers bright until 9 o'clock or later. There is time for a whole lot of rest and recreation.

In the little towns, the youngsters mount their ponies and canter over the sprinkled streets. Horse owners parade their roadsters before admiring eyes. Every lawn shows a picturesque group in fresh, light, garments, playing games, or lolling in chairs and hammocks, and enjoying some dainty refreshments. No lamps are lighted. Music is everywhere. The

Sweet hours of rest and refreshment. The miseries of the day are forgotten, and new life comes to tired minds and weary frames. The night grows cool; the groups on the lawns disperse. Sights spring up for a moment within. Everybody retires early. The beds are cool and refreshing; no 'skeeters; no gnats. Let us wrap the kind drapery of a double blanket around us, and "lie down to pleasant dreams."

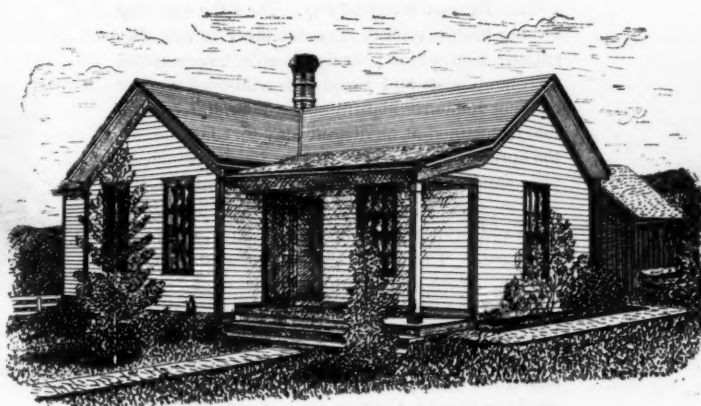
TIMOTHY.

LAKE CHELAN.

Lake Chelan, situated in the middle of the northern part of Washington Territory is a beautiful piece of water, about sixty-four miles long, extending northeast-southwest and one to three miles wide, between high mountain bluffs that abruptly arise from a strip of low land on each side of the lake. The strip of low land, which is used for grazing by the Indians, is about seven miles wide on the right side of the lake and fifteen miles wide on the left. The waters of the lake are full of mountain trout, and white mountain goats are plentiful back in the mountains. The Chelan River running southward from the southern end of the lake into the Columbia River, is about two miles long, and falls 243 feet in that distance. There are at present nine settlers living at the lower end of the lake; each of whom have taken up a farm, or ranch—as it is more generally termed in the

West, when stock-raising is the principal business. Besides raising cattle and horses, wild hay is cut and put up for stock-feed in case of a severe winter, and "spuds" and other vegetables are grown for home consumption. Their nearest postoffice is Badger Mountain, twenty-six miles south of the Columbia River, in the Big Bend country.

E. C. W. K.



PHILIPSBURG.—J. K. PARDEE'S COTTAGE HOME.

robin and cat-bird scatter a shower of melody from every tree. From some open window comes the liquid tinkling of a piano, or a distant group of voices singing to the soft throbbing of a guitar. Far away, indistinct, sinking and swelling, comes the sound of horns and drums, or from the open doors and windows of some little church floats an evening hymn.

THE HEPPNER GAZETTE MAN'S SPEECH.

J. W. Reddington, of the *Heppner Gazette*, the humorist of the Bunch Grass country of Eastern Oregon, made the following happy speech at the recent banquet given by the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce to the members of the press who attended the celebration of the completion of the Northern Pacific railroad:

Gentlemen present and ladies absent: I eye all of you who are in sight. The fumes of your champagne are of the usual dryness, but let us hope they make none of us see ladies present while yet they are absent. The double sight faculty is not always a happy one.

Your flattering references to the few flashes of temporary insanity which have been reduced to cold type and inserted into my little Sunday school paper without my knowledge or consent have, in connection with your chamber of commerce, champagne and the puns of its secretary, our good friend Mr. Wheelwright, partially overcome me. Please spare my blushes. I have but few, having ridden in the hot sun to get here, and may need them all if I expect to marry in this great country of destiny, extending as it does from the sage-brush orchards of Snake River, where the wind lies down with the sand, to the straight-up-and-down hop-trees of the Puyallup, where the hop of the frog is not needed in connection with commerce,—picturesque, pappoose-producing Puyallup, where the American Indian climbs out of his careening canoe to jolt his intellect in a regular dead-ax tailor-made wagon.

I thought I could come among you to-night and simply quad out a quiet corner, meantime taking observations in the interest of science, for I am armed with an aneroid barometer with which I intended to take the altitude of the Stampede switchback. But I had to leave the altitude where I found it, as my machine was more difficult to wind than a \$3 Waterbury watch. As I was trying to say, I thought my brand and ear-mark were safe from detection, but my friend, Mr. Boise, across the corral, has spoiled the programme by doing as our honored commissioner of agriculture does with the government seed business—



PHILIPSBURG.—A. A. McDONALD.

gives it away. Little did I think that this would come to pass when I passed the same Sunday school Mr. Boise attended at Salem a dozen years ago and went on to the fishing grounds. Thus it is a man's crimes find him out and his fishes come home to roost.

I notice that several other pilgrims beside myself have walked in from east of the Cascades, and thus does the mountain oyster reach out across the mud flat, shake hands with the clam and call him sister, overlooking for the time being the dissimilarity in

the shell. I believe that there should be a clam in every household. No well regulated family can afford to be without one. Before I close my shell some of you may say you have discovered one in mine. But the tissue-paper of a clam's cuticle is too thick to be affected by any such remarks before he sheds off, although this feast of treason and



PHILIPSBURG.—J. K. PARDEE, GENERAL MANAGER WEST GRANITE MOUNTAIN MINING CO.

flow of cigar smoke is a fitting time to make them.

If we do not get in jail in the meantime, we will soon return to our distant missionary fields, where the meadow lark lies down with the angle-worm, and the coyote calls to its mate, the hoarhound blooms by the wayside, and the type of the campaign paper is appropriately washed in the lye-pot. And we can tell our youthful pupils of the many new things we witnessed with our own eyes and other things we took affidavits and cigars for. We can tell them that while they are complaining of finding alkali water in their wells, the people of Tacoma wake up in the morning and find their whole bay full of water alkaline enough to float a ship and unfit to even make bean soup at a regular army recruiting rendezvous. And yet they murmur not, neither do they spring yarns, but keep right on harvesting their tea ships and their big fir trees that grow without irrigation. Thus do the different localities affect the ideas of their residents in different degrees.

This Tacoma is a great city. Does the war ship in your harbor wish to file a demurrer to this allegation? I have read your sign-boards, have counted your lamp posts and gazed with wild-eyed wonder on your immense institutions. Your stately seminary, destined at no distant day to consume all the spruce gum produced in your forests primeval; your handsome and handy hospital hard by and near at hand when gum-chewing has been overdone and injuriously indulged in,—all auspiciously arranged. These buildings are naught built for naught. Your man-of-war captured by John Paul Jones off the watery coast of Cape Cod is another feature which should not be overlooked.

Your people have been kind to us. Your policemen ditto. May they allow us to depart in piece, singly or in pairs, to where roves the sheep-tick and only dust is vile. Let us take with us our moral characters, what good cigars we can find lying around, and kindly remembrances of the country where the clam crop never fails.

The old-time campaigner who sits down to-day in Tacoma's palatial hotel and sips his fragrant ice cream from a hand-painted plate can fully realize the wonderful strides this region has made since the war of '55-6, and he desires not to ascend Green River and dig up the petrified bread he cached there thirty years ago.

When Christopher Columbus first steamed into this magnificent inland sea of Tacoma Sound he anchored where now is hitched your British man-of-war, with the lord mayor of Victoria asleep in her after bridal-chamber. Columbus signaled to the survivors of the Tonquin and the life-saving crew camped across your admirable reach of faithful flats. But his Spanish signals were not understood, the flag flashed back that there were no furs to trade, and the pioneers he beckoned to kept right on irrigating their clam-orchards. His men then prepared to row ashore in their long gum boots. This is history. But they were tired, and so are you. So good night. Have the footmen call our cayuses and let us mount and away three or four blocks to our temporary tents.

THE CIRCUS AT THE BUTTE.

We kinder calkulated,—thet's Bill an' Ike an' me, We'd all go down to Sentinel Butte and hev a sort o' spree; Thet day the Greatest Show on Earth were thar in one big tent, We jedged 'twere something in our line, so natur'l'y we went.

Inside we struck a table with a cur'ous sort o' creeper, An' a sign as sald his name were Pharioh Salt Peter; An' thet he was a 'Gyptian king as long ergo went hence,— The show hed got the mummy at stupendous expense!

We stood an' sized it up erwhile when Ike turned 'round and said: "It 'peers ter look erbout ter me 'sif this gentleman were dead; An' as I'm cor'ner I 'low without no further fuss, We'd better stop an' kinder see what killed the ornary cuss!"

Then Bill remarks: "I reckon it 'u'd be a good idee," An' I chimes in with: "A inquest would jist erbout hit me;" An' then we sot upon the corpse of Pharioh Salt Peter, An' fixed a reg'lar verdict in surprisingly short meter!

"Whereas, this P. S. Peter, bein' thar layin' dead's a stone; Therefore, this jury finds he croaked uv causes quite unknown!" We 'lowed thet fifty dollars were what the job were worth, An' collected from the treas'rer uv the Greatest Show on Earth!

—Dakota Bell.

A ROUMANIAN COLONY.—Rev. Mr. Brauns, the minister and director of the Roumanian colony that is growing so fast in Foster and Eddy counties, states that the immigration this season has added about forty souls to those already in those localities.



PHILIPSBURG.—WM. WEINSTEIN, LEADING MERCHANT.

They have good crops as a rule, and are doing well. The credit of these people both at Carrington and Ellendale, is such that merchants readily trust them for what they want, no one ever yet having lost a cent from the Roumanians. Mr. Brauns states that the oppression of the government is such that nearly all of these people would emigrate to America, if they had means, or were permitted. As it is, he expects a large increase in their number next season. —*Jamestown. (Dak.) Alert.*

WALLA WALLA.

The Garden City of the Pacific Northwest.

BY E. V. SMALLEY.

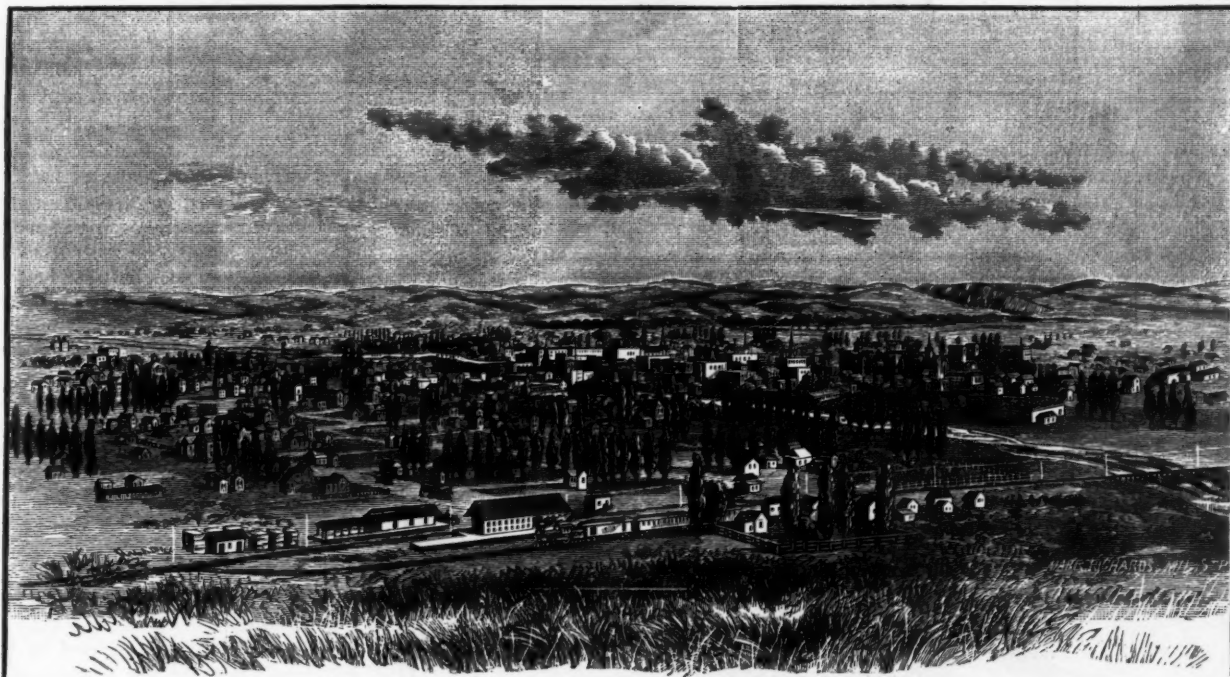
I have made many visits to Walla Walla, coming to it first as the goal of a journey on buck-boards and in stages from Cheney, nearly 250 miles distant, then a year later, in 1883, the celebration year of the Northern Pacific Railroad, driving across country through the luxuriant wheat fields and amid clouds of dust, with a party of eastern journalists who were royally entertained by the hospitable people of the place; and again and again, in later years, by the comfortable route of the railroad from the Columbia Valley; but familiarity has never dulled the keen sense of pleasure in the view of the shady streets with their long rows of poplars, the gardens, each a wilderness of bloom, the fruit-laden orchards, the pleasant houses, the murmuring streams that wind here and there under archways of foliage, and the glimpses, at the end of street vistas of the billowy, grain-clad hills, sweeping up against the sides of the Blue Mountains. Contrasted with the sultry, treeless plains of the Co-

the influence of a favoring climate. Fruit trees, too, abound. Apples and peaches flourish, and the cherries grow to such size and soundness that they are shipped to the markets of the distant east. Then the berries are simply perfection. No one knows how delicious a fruit the strawberry can become until he has visited Walla Walla in its season. Each berry is a generous mouthful, and is thoroughly ripe, sweet and fragrant through and through.

The wealth of the town has been drawn from the soil. It lies in the heart of the most productive wheat region in the world. The belt of country lying at the foot of the Blue Mountains and reaching far up their sides to the very margin of the pine forests appears to have just the right chemical ingredients in its volcanic soil—just the right proportion of silicates and alkali—to favor to the highest known extent the growth of the small grains, and especially of wheat and barley. The commonly heard comparison is with the soil of Sicily, since a Smithsonian savant in Washington, some years ago, made an analysis of Walla Walla dirt and found it to consist of decomposed remnants of volcanic matter almost identical with that of the great Sicilian wheat fields, which were the granary of Rome 2,000 years ago, and still

stretches out northward, eastward and westward as far as can be seen from the foot-hills of the Blue Mountains was thought to be of no value whatever except for pasturage when the heroic Whitman came with his little band of missionaries to the banks of the Walla Walla River, and even ten years later, when military protection had attracted permanent settlement to the region it was supposed that the grain fields must hug the banks of the stream, so dry and dusty did the higher land appear. It is related that when at length, one man, more adventurous than his fellows, instead of hunting round for a level farm, went up and experimented on half a section of the cattle-range, people smiled at him at first. "I hear that—has bought half a section of your range, and is going to farm it," said a citizen referring to the rash experimenter. "What can be raised there?" "Well, he can raise a hell of a dust when the wind blows," said the sage stockman. And he did raise some dust, and forty-five bushels of wheat to the acre besides.

Speaking of phenomenal wheat yields Harry P. Robinson, in an article on the Walla Walla country, which appeared in this magazine in 1884, wrote: "Well attested instances, and those formally recorded



A GLIMPSE OF WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

lumbia Basin, it seems like a veritable earthly paradise of verdure, bloom and coolness. It wears, besides, a comfortable air of prosperity and enjoyment, as though the struggles of pioneer life were long past, and the rewards of adventure and effort were now being enjoyed. There is nothing rude, or strenuous about the place. So lavish is Nature with her benefactions of shade and flowers that even the newer houses on the outskirts of the town speedily lose behind screens of vines and trees all look of intrusive freshness and take on the general air of ease and permanence. I do not know that the title of the Garden City has ever before been given to Walla Walla, but it certainly has the right to claim it if it wishes, for no dwelling is without its garden, and no street, save the long, wide street of stores, is without its overshadowing branches. On some of the residence streets there are four rows of poplars besides the locusts, maples, horse chestnuts, fruit trees and evergreens in the door yards. Then, as to flowers, no where, save in Portland, Oregon, have I seen such wonderful roses, such prodigious growths of fuschias and honeysuckles, such luxuriance of pansies and petunias, such aspiring hollyhocks, peering in at the second story windows of the dwellings, such a multitude of familiar blossoms enlarged and beautified by

continue to produce luxuriant harvests. The most striking peculiarity of this soil is its comparative independence of summer rain for its productivity. One year is cited when not a drop of rain fell in the Walla Walla Valley for 128 days, from the thirteenth of May till the eighteenth of September, and yet, spring wheat on which no shower fell from seed time to harvest, produced on many fields, thirty bushels to the acre. The secret of this apparent miracle is that the moisture from winter snows and spring rains is retained tenaciously just below the surface where the roots of the growing grain can reach it. To this power of holding water, coupled with the long, warm days and cool nights of summer, and the favorable chemical constituents of the soil, are due the wonderful harvests of the Walla Walla country.

Beginning with a single farm, opened about thirty years ago in the moist bottom land near a military post, the wheat fields have spread year by year, climbing the mountain sides, and going far out towards Snake River, in a region which the first settlers believed to be an absolute and irreclaimable desert. Now, the maxim is, that wheat will grow wherever there is a heavy natural growth of bunch grass, no matter how dry the land may look. By far the greater part of the beautiful rolling country that

of seventy bushels of wheat and upwards for small patches of from one to ten acres are not uncommon; while announcements of forty-five to fifty-five are made every year. One large farm of 2,000 acres on these wonderful uplands, was, in 1882, fenced off just before harvesting into two equal portions of 1,000 acres each, one-half carrying an evidently heavier crop than the other. On measurement, the richer half showed an average of fifty-two bushels, the remaining moiety being content with thirty, or a total of 82,000 bushels to the whole farm of 2,000 acres. On the other hand there are men who fail to raise more than fifteen or eighteen bushels; but this, so the rest of the population aver, is their own fault, and only happens in the case of slovenly farmers. Any man, say the more successful, with decent care can make certain of twenty bushels of spring and twenty-five of fall wheat to the acre every year. "I'll tell you what it is," said an astonished Iowan to his brother (a Walla Walla farmer, whom he was visiting at harvest time,) you leave more grain on the ground than would make a good crop with us at home." The harvesting is done almost universally with headers, and the stubble is ploughed into the land again, the wheat being sacked straight from the thresher, and then frequently stacked on the spot to

lie until the day comes for it to be hauled to the depot or the mill, for there are as yet no elevators in the neighborhood. The present system would of course, be disastrous in a rainy climate, but the rains at harvest-time are few and slight. One shower, moreover, the farmers assert, does no harm, the bur-laps being sufficiently waterproof to turn any but a very heavy fall. There is even current one story of a pile of wheat which lay out in the rain till it sprouted and looked more like a bank of healthy grass, than a pile of grain. Nothing disconcerted the dealers took it, and having rubbed off the sprouts, shipped it to Liverpool, where it actually fetched a higher price than some shipped at the same time, which had not the advantage of sprouting before leaving Walla Walla. This story enjoys the reputation of being a fact; but none the less is there somehow, a pretty general prejudice against allowing wheat to sprout before it is off your hands."

Walla Walla is built upon ground that is nearly level, the slope to the winding course of Mill Creek being hardly perceptible. The principal business street is eighty feet wide, and is for the most part well-built with brick blocks. The architectural pride of the town is the handsome court house, which is undisputedly the finest public edifice to be found in the "Inland Empire" between the Cascade Mountains and the Rockies. There are many notably attractive residences, which tell by their

discourage the most enterprising criminal. About two miles from the center of the town are the numerous wooden structures—almost a town in themselves—which compose the military post called Fort Walla Walla. This is regarded by army men

eted Indians from the neighboring reservation of the Umatilla tribe, ride through the place on their variegated ponies. There is little left of the savage, however, about these Indians, except their gay-colored blankets and the vermillion paint on their cheeks.

They are not bad neighbors, raising a little wheat for their own consumption and possessing large herds of the little native horses known as cayuses. The neighboring farmers covet the land which a paternal government has secured to them, and regard them as lazy cumberers of the ground, but seldom have a specific grievance against them.

The principal manufacturing enterprises of the town are two saw and planing mills, a machine shop and a large flouring mill, with a capacity of 400 barrels per day, the latter owned by H. P. Isaacs, a veteran miller who has done much to improve the quality of Walla Walla flour and to extend its markets. Near the town there are four other flour

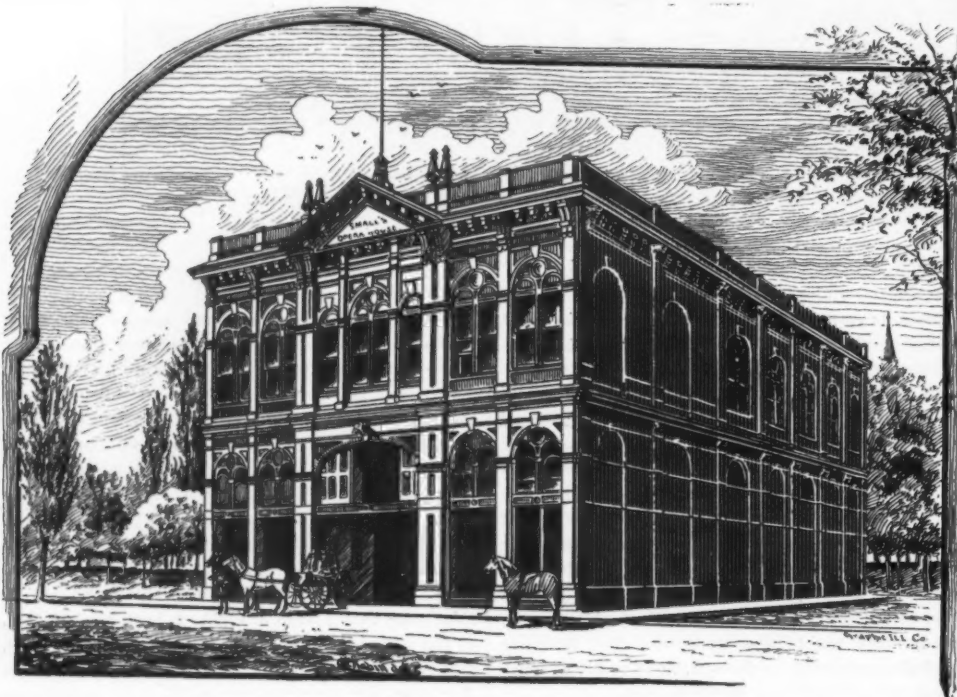
mills, all run by water-power. Logs for the saw-mills and cord wood for the town are brought down from the Blue Mountains by a flume about fifteen miles long, a novel mode of transportation in the eyes of an eastern man, but one not uncommon in Oregon and Washington Territory, where there is abundant water in mountain streams, and large bodies of timber close at hand. The streams in and near Walla Walla afford much unused water-power to attract future manufacturing industries. Mill Creek, Yellowhawk Creek and the Walla Walla River, have each a fall of about sixty feet to the mile, which with their lowest volume of water is equivalent to a seventy-five horse-power for each every half mile of its course. On the use of these numerous water-powers, on the development of wholesale trade and the increase of retail trade by the denser settlement of the surrounding farming country the town relies for future growth.

Walla Walla has been crippled in its growth by high freight rates for the products of its tributary territory to the western seaboard, by discriminating freight rates, which made it impossible for it to build up a jobbing trade in competition with Portland, and by lack of railway connection with important regions to the southward. These disadvantages are being removed. The gap in the southern line of road has been constructed, and there is now direct connection with Centerville, Pendleton, the Grand Rond Valley and the whole of Southeastern Oregon. The grain rate on the O. R. and N. Road to Portland has been reduced from six to five dollars a ton, under the influence of the threat of an independent line to connect with the Northern Pacific at Ainsworth, and there is hope that the Inter-State Commerce Act will work out some relief in the direction of a fair rate on merchandise from the East. The future has brightened up for Walla Walla very noticeably during the past few months, and a new spirit of enterprise has taken possession of her people. The town is the natural trade center for all the fertile country lying between the Snake River and the Blue Mountains and reaching around the base of those mountains westward as far as the Cascades; nor are the mountains a necessary barrier to commercial intercourse, surmounted, as they now are by a railroad running through Eastern Oregon, and forming a part of the Union Pacific's line to the East. Walla Walla should reach out for the trade of the mining camps, the cattle and sheep ranges of Eastern Oregon as well



WALLA WALLA.—THE COURT HOUSE.

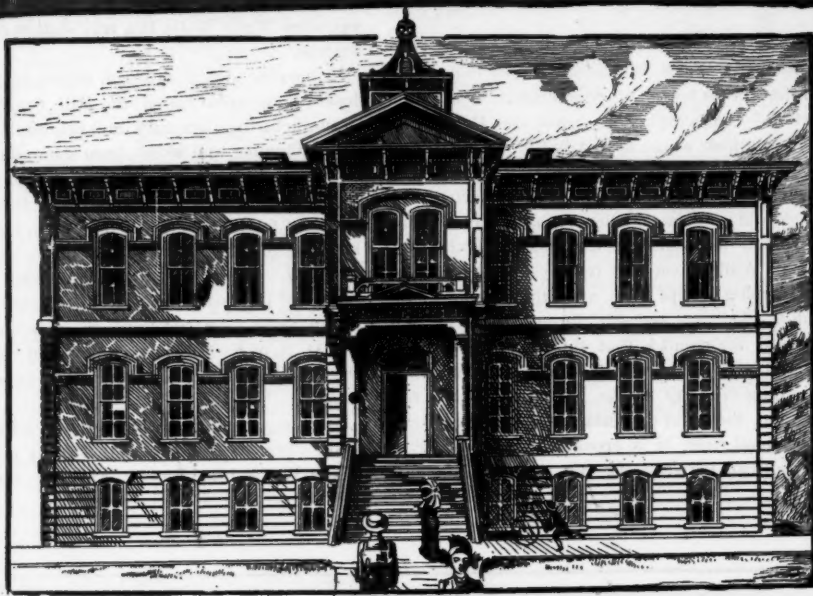
as the best cavalry post in the country, because of the cheapness of feed and the good health of both men and horses. The officers and their families are a welcome element in the social life of the town and the excellent military band can always be depended on for occasions of public ceremony and parade. Then there is a material side to the benefits conferred by the garrison for it furnishes a good deal of trade to the merchants, and



WALLA WALLA.—SMALL'S OPERA HOUSE.

evident cost and their spacious, well-kept grounds, of the possession of wealth by their owners. The high school house, the sisters' hospital and school, and Whitman College are well worthy of the notice of the visitor. Just outside the town is the new Territorial penitentiary, consisting of a solid brick prison building surrounded by a wall high and strong enough to

is a good customer for the products of the farmers. Churches are numerous in Walla Walla; people dress well and live well; stylish equipages are seen on the streets, and life goes on much in the same fashion as in the East. In fact, there is nothing to remind a visitor that he is 2,000 miles west of St. Paul, unless he should chance to see a band of blank-



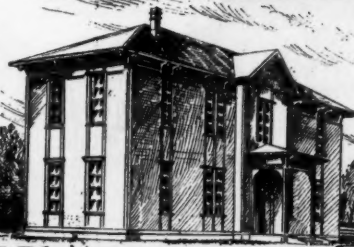
PUBLIC SCHOOL

PUBLIC BUILDINGS
IN
WALLA WALLA,
Washington
Territory

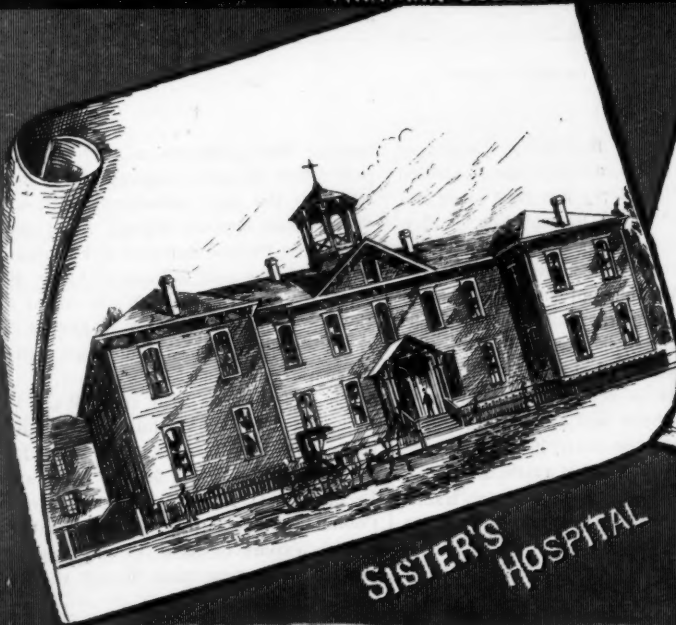
METHODIST
CHURCH



WHITMAN COLLEGE



BOARDING HOUSE



SISTER'S
HOSPITAL



SISTER'S SCHOOL

as for that of the near wheat fields in both Oregon and Washington. More railroads are needed for her development, and more will soon be built—first, the much talked-of line to connect with the Northern Pacific at Ainsworth bridge, and thus give a short route to the ports of Puget Sound; next a line running east to Idaho, and keeping nearer the base of the mountains than does the existing line of the O. R. & N. There is ample business in sight waiting for these roads, and in this expansive epoch, when capital is seeking chances to build roads their construction cannot be much longer delayed. Next to securing sufficient railroad facilities for her needs, and making cautious beginnings in jobbing trade the essential thing for Walla Walla's growth is to attract more settlement to the surrounding country. The farms are too large, as a rule. This condition of things is a result of exorbitant freight charges on grain. The large farmer, working one or two thousand acres, could prosper if the railroad company left him a margin of only a few cents a bushel over the actual cost of raising wheat, but the small farmer became discouraged. With more reasonable tariffs, the tendency

ful and pleasant, mild weather lasts until well into December.

E. V. S.

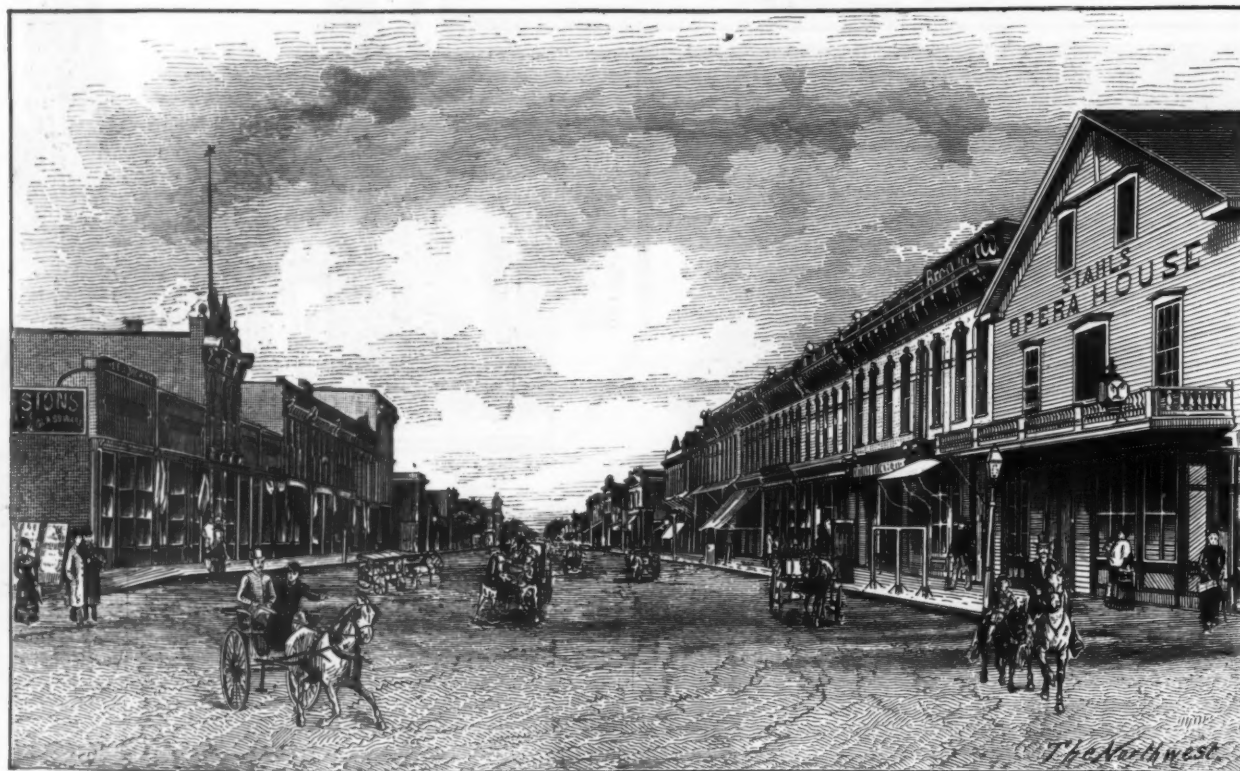
RAILWAY FACILITIES OF WALLA WALLA.

Situated thirty miles from the navigable waters of the Columbia, Walla Walla must ever depend on steel rails for its means of communication with the markets of the world. To reach the Columbia a railroad engineer would naturally follow the course of the Walla Walla River, a small stream emptying into the big river at Wallula and connected with Walla Walla by a smaller stream, called Wild Creek, which flows through the north of the city. The Walla Walla River cuts its way through a range of hills, having abrupt sides, after the manner of the Columbia, clearing its way through the Cascade Range, and the result is that the pass from the city to the mighty river is not broad enough to admit of the building of many tracks. The city is 600 feet higher than the point of contact with the Columbia, and the small river is so crooked that in order to build a railroad between the big river and the city,

connect with the line operated in direct connection with the Oregon Short Line; to Dayton, the end of the track; to Pomeroy another eastern end and to Riparia, on Snake River. As the O. R. & N. Co. is operated Walla Walla is a way station on its railway system.

A narrow gauge railroad, (three feet) built by a local organization called the Mill Creek Flume and Manufacturing Company, and originally intended to convey lumber and wood from the end of the flume to the city, nine miles, but from which a branch, six miles long, was built up Dry Creek through one of the most fertile portions of the valley, recently passed into the control of the Union Pacific, with the O. R. & N. Co. It is a very valuable feeder. If another branch of this road were built at Russell Creek, eight or ten miles, it would give the company operating the O. R. & N. Co. roads, a hold on the traffic of the valley it would be a difficult and expensive job to loosen.

It is reported that the Union Pacific intend to build a branch from Prescott, twenty miles north of Walla Walla into Eureka Flat, for the purpose of



WALLA WALLA—A VIEW ON MAIN STREET.

will be to cut up the big farms and to encourage the opening of new ones on the bunch grass plains. The entire country surrounding Walla Walla will in time become a veritable garden of close and careful culture, so favorable is its climate and so rich is its soil. I believe it will one day be one of the most densely settled parts of the United States.

Walla Walla lies in the latitude of Northern Minnesota and Northern Maine; yet its winter climate is as mild as that of Virginia, so marked is the influence of the warm Chinook winds blowing from the Pacific Coast. These winds frequently send up the mercury thirty or forty degrees, after a cold snap, and wipe off the snow as figures are wiped from a slate with a sponge. Rarely does the thermometer register a temperature as low as zero; the usual weather of the short winters being from twenty to forty above. Spring comes in March, the summers are hot and dry, the dryness of the air making high temperatures not severely felt. Thus, ninety-five in the shade is not as trying in Walla Walla as eighty in New York. The autumns are delight-

ful and pleasant, mild weather lasts until well into December. The small stream must be repeatedly bridged, or fifty feet grades employed, or much distance be added to the whole. A location survey has been made of a practicable route from the city, through Eureka Flat, a rich agricultural section, as yet undisturbed by the shriek of the locomotive, to a junction with the Northern Pacific, between Wallula and Ainsworth, a distance of fifty miles. Another route has been surveyed from the city to the vicinity of the town of Milton, thence skirting the hills on the south side of the Walla Walla River to Wallula. This route is about forty miles in length and passes through, or along the edge of wheat fields nearly its entire length. Either road can be built for \$10,000 a mile, and either would have a very valuable local and through traffic.

Existing railroads, exacting enormous freight charges from Walla Walla and surrounding country, are controlled by the Union Pacific. They consist of the tracks of a corporation known locally, and on the stock exchange, as the O. R. & N. Co. They extend from Walla Walla to Portland, connecting at Wallula with the Northern Pacific, to Pendleton, when they

tapping that grain-producing region. It is also reported that the same company will, in the near future, complete the road, already graded from a point on Snake River opposite Riparia to a junction with the road from Palouse Junction to Farmington, and extend the latter road to Coeur d'Alene Mines. With these roads built, Walla Walla would have a direct and rapid route, over which its annual vast supplies of fruits and vegetables could reach a perpetual growing market.

An independent road from Walla Walla to the Columbia River at Wallula is what the people are ready to give a liberal subsidy for. It is believed that such a road would find at Wallula the Northern Pacific, the O. R. & N. Co. and steamboats on the Columbia competing for its trade; that it would have enough export business to pay fixed charges, and that its import business would yield a handsome profit.

One thing is certain, Walla Walla Valley can produce enough fruit and vegetables of superior quality in addition to the grain product, to keep an average

railroad company employed. At the present time, when fruit and vegetable-raising are merely experiments, thousands of tons of both are annually allowed to rot on and in the ground, because freight rates are so high as to prohibit their shipment. During the past year 200 tons of fruit and vegetables, the greater part being berries, have been shipped from Walla Walla by express, to various parts in Eastern Oregon, Eastern Washington, the Cœur d'Alene mines and Montana. Over

five tons of strawberries were shipped one night during the present season. These shipments have been made under the most adverse circumstances, without the facilities known as refrigerator cars and over the most circuitous routes, the shipper assuming all risks and paying exorbitant charges. It is the opinion of men who have practical knowledge of the capabilities and qualities of the soil of Walla Walla Valley that, with the stimulus of rapid transportation, proper cars and low freights, the fruit and vegetable growers would, in a short time, furnish a railroad company with from fifty to 100 tons of freight daily. Some day this prediction will be more than verified.

P. B. JOHNSON.

WALLA WALLA'S CLIMATE.

The Walla Walla Valley possesses a climate combining conditions the most healthful to the human body, and essential to the best development of agricultural products.

The altitude of the town of Walla Walla is 1,000 feet above sea-level; the average annual rainfall is 17.5 inches, both altitude and rainfall increasing rapidly as the valley is ascended. The mean annual temperature is 53°, as deduced from observations of Mr. Isaac Straight, for fifteen years. This is also the mean temperature of Washington City, and Baltimore—places with very pleasant climates. The highest temperature 105°, in August, 1885; the lowest, 29° below zero in January, 1875. This was the extreme cold of the period of fifteen years; the next lowest being 20° below zero, in February, 1883.



WALLA WALLA.—ONE OF THE RESIDENCE STREETS.

The warm days of summer are followed by cool nights, which render a pair of blankets essential to comfort while sleeping. The cold of winter is accompanied by calms and a dry atmosphere which rob the cold of all its keenness. The cold spells last but a few days. No seven consecutive days on record would have a mean temperature below zero. The warm Chinook winds, with intervals of a few days, or a week, prevail during the winter, carry off the snow, and diffuse a springtime warmth all over the valley. During the winters of '86-7 there were no fewer than fifty days between Nov. 8th and March 14th upon which this wind, with a temperature between 48° and 65°, prevailed. This is the only winter for which there is a record of the Chinook winds.

Destructive winds are unknown; winds of even thirty miles per hour are rare, and a velocity of forty

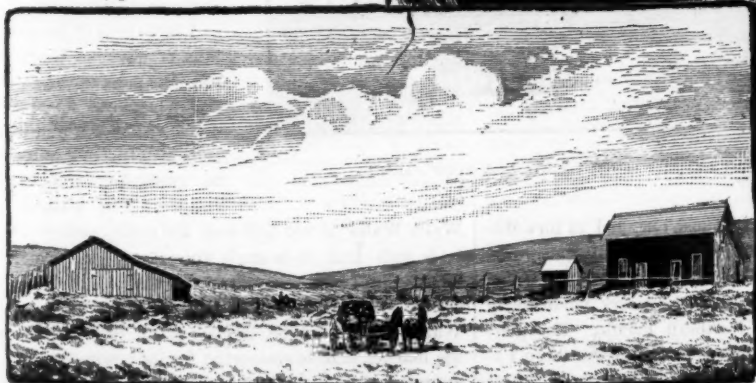
dry, no rain, other than an occasional sprinkle, ever falling. The rainfall increases rapidly as the altitude of the valley increases, in some localities the average is from twenty-six to thirty inches annually. This precipitation is abundantly sufficient for all growing crops. No irrigation is used except by gardeners for the special forcing of market products.

Possessing an altitude of 1,000 feet, a most productive soil, a pure, dry atmosphere, an abundance of cold, running spring water; having in winter warm Chinook winds, and in summer, cool, refreshing nights; having no marshes nor malaria, and sanitary conditions unexcelled by any country, the Walla Walla city and valley offer locations where the capitalist, the agriculturist and the health-seeker can make their homes in the certain assurance of future profit financially and physically.

H. S. BLANDFORD.



WALLA WALLA.—H. PARKER'S 1,000 ACRE FARM, VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE CITY.



HOUSE AND BARN ON H. PARKER'S FARM.

WALLA WALLA FRUITS.

miles is accounted an exceedingly hard blow. Hailstorms, injurious to crops, are com-

It is the sagacious man everywhere that is watching the tide of evolution and guiding his bark into those currents that will bear him to competence. In the

paratively unknown. Thunderstorms average four or six during the year, are of very moderate character, and seldom more than distant lightning.

The humidity of the air is low, fifty-seven per cent. for '86, the only year for which there is a record. The dry air is a very healthful one to persons with weak lungs.

The rainfall, average annual 17.5 inches, occurs during the nine months between September 15th and June 15th. The remaining three months may be considered as entirely

wonderful growth and development of western cities, men are everywhere met with who have recollections of the time when real estate in now opulent cities could have been bought for the proverbial song. The efficacy of loans as agents for local development is largely imaginary; and the reason why one of those hypothetical manifestations of rapid development has not germinated in the soil of Walla Walla Valley is because the conditions until now have not been favorable. Prolific soils do not necessarily generate bank accounts, nor do salubrity or geniality of climate alone attract immigration. Men will go into the jaws of malaria for the hope of gain. It is an accepted axiom of migratory truth that no single locality can remain unduly prosperous while the people of other localities are wrestling with adversity. The tendency everywhere is towards an equilibrium.

The reason why, with all the advantages to induce prosperity about Walla Walla Valley, it has not acquired a national reputation as a place of conspicuous prosperity, has been the transportation embargo that has hitherto arrested local development. During the past three years, wheat, the principal product, has sold in Walla Walla as low as thirty-two cents a bushel, which fact is the most eloquent tribute to the wealth of resource in Eastern Washington. In no other part of the United States can people raise wheat at that figure without stagnation in every branch of business and universal liquidation in every collateral branch. That producers have been able to raise wheat at this ruinous rate is due to the fact that average yields in Eastern Washington are double those of the Mississippi Valley, and the climate enters in as an insurance agent against loss. There is absolutely no such thing in productive experience in Eastern Washington as rotten or sprouted grain from harvest rains, or chinch bug or weevil or Hessian fly or any other pest that robs production elsewhere of its fruit. There is no expense for stacking, or guarding the unthreshed grain from any peradventure of loss from the elements. There is no expense for granaries or the movement of the threshed grain into them and out again, when it is taken to market. The canopy of heaven is our granary, and grain is allowed to lie in the fields where it is threshed until the farmer hauls it away to the station.

The market price of wheat at Walla Walla has in times past averaged about thirty-four cents below San Francisco quotations. In the nature of things such a discrepancy cannot forever last, and the opportunities for large profit to transportation companies cannot always be accorded to any single transportation company. The completion of the Cascade branch of the Northern Pacific has seemed to throw a gleam of daylight upon the transportation problem, and although Walla Walla is thirty-one miles from the Northern Pacific, the emphatic expression of a general wish for connection with that road and a purpose to do business with a company that has in its business intercourse with the people been actuated by such conspicuous spirit of fairness, has induced the single transportation company doing business in Walla Walla Valley to make a reduction of three cents a bushel on the transportation of grain this year. But, whatever may transpire in the way of transportation

facilities, it is the deliberate judgement of the most sagacious business men of Walla Walla Valley that its interests imperatively require connection with the Northern Pacific.

Walla Walla has in a large measure been side-tracked to emigration or any outside knowledge of its resources, or desirableness as a place of residence.



WALLA WALLA.—H. P. ISAACS, PRESIDENT BOARD OF TRADE.

Emigration agents have not extolled its attractiveness, nor have lines of travel ticketed home-seekers to this garden spot of the Pacific coast. The people living in the valley have been content to enjoy the blessings within their reach, without the exertion of bringing sharers among them. But events that shape destiny have come upon the people of Walla Walla this year as a revelation. The Northern Pacific Express shipped daily an average of over five tons of fruit and early vegetables in the month of June. These shipments extended throughout Montana and

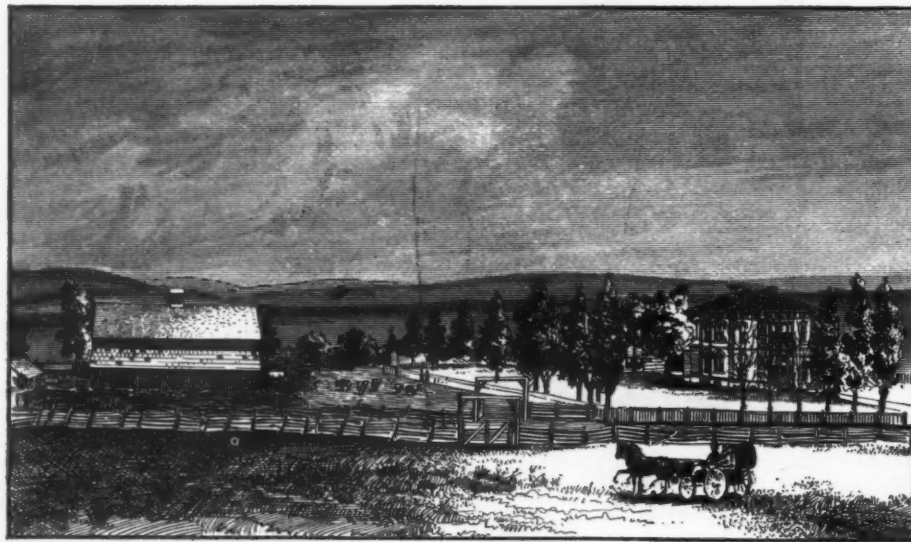
opportunity to come over to Walla Walla Valley to make their purchases, which have heretofore gone to Willamette Valley and California.

The lessons from the beginnings of a mighty industry, that will soon make population compact in Walla Walla Valley, are beginning to be appreciated. Already there is considerable inquiry for orchard and garden land, and the time will soon come when all the land in the vicinity of Walla Walla will be worth \$500 and \$1,000 an acre. Land that will produce forty dollars annually over and above the cost of labor to prepare its productions for market, is estimated to be worth \$500. There is an abundance of garden land in Walla Walla Valley and a more extensive market for its productions than ordinarily falls to the lot of producing centers. The entire stretch of country served by the Northern Pacific is practically fruitless, and is from one to two months later in its vegetable production than Walla Walla Valley. Puget Sound is a region where the people are engaged in lumbering and mining industries, and have to depend largely on other places for their fruits and vegetables. The entire region of country west of the Cascade Mountains is later in its productions, and it is the habit of such of our people as can go to the seacoast during the heated summer term. However pleasant cool weather may be for summer comfort, it is not favorable for germination and early fructification.

In this particular, Walla Walla takes precedence of England and France. The mean annual temperature at Walla Walla is 53°; of England 49°. Our winters are perhaps colder, and our summers longer and hotter. This fact is manifestly to the advantage of producers in the Pacific Northwest. It is a fact that escaped common observation, that Eastern Washington is south of England and the best portion of France. Walla Walla is two degrees south of Paris and the famed Champagne district. Its fruitage is susceptible of anything possible in that region. Of grapes, Walla Walla can produce a quality as excellent and a quantity as abundant; and if attention is even turned there to wine-growing, it will be found that our rainless summers will produce that excellent bouquet in

wine that is found in the vintage of France during periods of drouth. The rainless summers of Eastern Washington are attended with none of the manifestations that attend the absence of rain in any other place. The conditions everywhere in the Pacific Northwest are much the same they are always on the westerly coasts of continents. The warm ocean currents are an assurance of equability of temperature and an abundance of showers a guarantee against drouth.

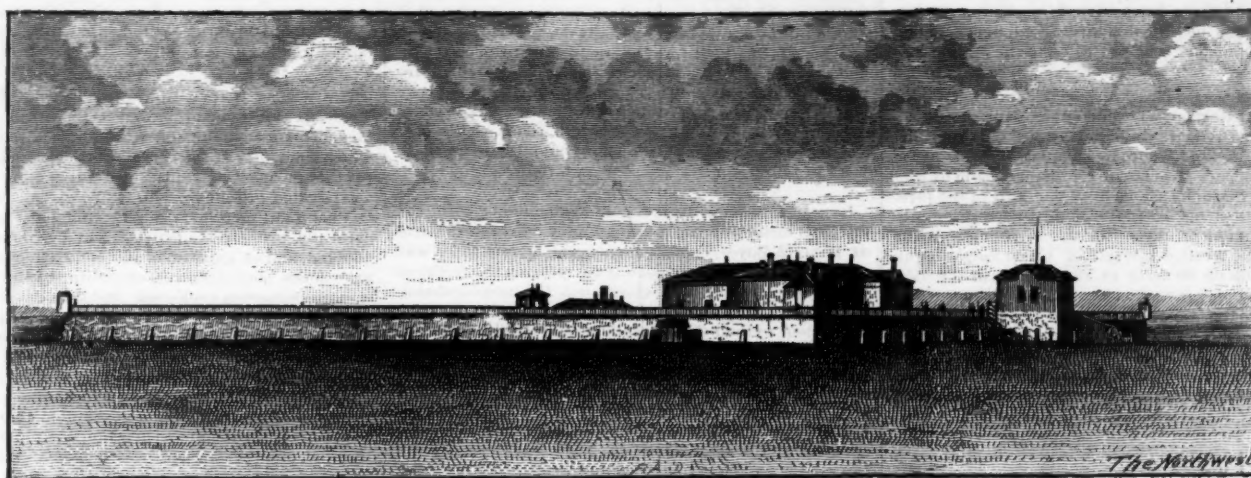
A large area of the wheat land of Eastern Washington is at an elevation of from 1,500 to 3,000 feet above sea level, and consequently is not adapted to gardening and horticulture. The altitude of



WALLA WALLA.—C. MAIER'S RESIDENCE IN THE MIDST OF HIS 1,800 ACRE FARM.

as far east as Bismarek. Those engaged in forwarding fruit and vegetables, are unable to fill the orders they receive. The business requires even now trains of fruit cars, and that is why producers particularly desire connection with Northern Pacific. The market for fruit and vegetables is along the Northern Pacific line, and as a connection is made with the cities on Puget Sound, it is important that they shall have

Walla Walla is 960 feet and the conformation about it is such that it is at all times in the track of the modifying ocean currents; or "Chinook," as it is called in the Pacific Northwest. The business of Walla Walla must be, in view of its capabilities and the market that is clamoring for its productions, gardening and fruit-raising; and it cannot be long before every five, ten and fifteen acres about Walla



WALLA WALLA.—THE TERRITORIAL PENITENTIARY.

Walla will be occupied for these purposes and will be supporting a compact and thrifty population. Then will Walla Walla jump to a position similar to that which Los Angeles, a city of 100,000 inhabitants, holds to California. When Walla Walla apples—superior to those raised in Michigan—are sold on the fruit stands of Chicago, then will Walla Walla be on the road to the attainment of commercial supremacy. The rapid growth and development of Walla Walla is assured on the soundest bases for progress. There is no place on the Pacific coast where the promise for return for investment is as sure as it is there—no city that has such certain grounds for future rapid growth. While immigrants coming to this region have pushed to the frontier to hew out homes, a few have remained here to carve out farms on small patches of fruit and garden lands, and are now far better off than those who pressed to the outskirts of civilization. What Walla Walla now needs more than anything else, is an infusion into the body politic of a class of gardeners and orchardists. To such Walla Walla offers an inviting field.

MARION D. EGBERT.

WALLA WALLA INTERESTS AND BUSINESS MEN.

DAVID W. SMALL.—Walla Walla boasts of no more enterprising citizen than David W. Small, upon whom everyone looks to lead in any project for the public weal. The subject of this sketch was born in 1837 in New Brunswick, but upon reaching his sixth year, with his parents removed to the state of Maine, where, among the sturdy lumbermen he reached manhood. In 1872 Mr. Small immigrated to Walla Walla, reaching the far Northwest with limited means. Shortly after his arrival Mr. Small took a lumber contract for the Northern Pacific Railroad, confining his operations to the Yakima country. In 1874 he opened a livery stable in Walla Walla and from a comparatively small beginning built up a large business. In 1884 Mr. Small constructed the splendid opera house which bears his name, but through faulty construction collapsed in the winter of 1885, thus destroying in a few seconds property valued at nearly \$30,000. About the same time two of Mr. Small's sawmills, situated in Idaho, on the line of the Northern Pacific, with their adjoining lumber yards were burned, entailing an additional loss of \$40,000. Undismayed by the misfortunes that had overtaken him Mr. Small replaced the destroyed structures by more costly buildings, confident that his investments would in time repay his loss, and he was not mistaken in his judgment. When the great Northern Pacific was being pushed to completion under the Villard management Mr. Small took three large contracts—one to clear the right-of-way through a heavily timbered country for 200 miles, the second, to furnish the necessary ties for 200 miles of road, and the third to furnish all the timbers used in the construction of the road from Spokane Falls eastward to Missoula, M. T. To give an idea of Mr. Small's mettle we have but to state that while he was personally supervising the carrying out of his immense contracts, he managed his large livery business in Walla Walla, and gave personal supervision over his two farms in this county and his stock ranch in the Big Bend country. Since that time Mr. Small has

purchased two farms in the Cœur d'Alene and two in the Pend d'Oreille region. While engrossed with business cares Mr. Small has taken time to erect an elegant residence in Walla Walla, surrounded by ample grounds and considered one of the homes of the "Garden City." A thorough business man, strong in his friendships, well read, and with a kind word or act for everyone, Mr. Small numbers his well-wishers by the thousands.

DR. N. G. BLALOCK was born in North Carolina in 1836 and graduated in his profession from Jefferson Medical College in 1861. Shortly after taking up a residence in Illinois the war broke out and he became surgeon of the 115th Illinois Infantry Volunteers, being forced to abandon the service in 1863 by reason of ill health. In 1872, Dr. Blalock removed with his family to Walla Walla, reaching the Valley of Waters without a dollar to his credit. However he soon stepped to the front rank of his profession as a surgeon, and to-day his clientele extends throughout the entire watershed of the Middle Columbia and Snake rivers. With every dollar that he acquired he purchased the then cheap alkali land and improved them so that in 1881 he harvested nearly 100,000 bushels of grain.



WALLA WALLA—DR. N. G. BLALOCK.

He fully demonstrated that the then supposed worthless lands were as prolific in their yield of cereals as the choicest lands of the valley, and to-day one of their finest farms of the valley, situated within three miles of the city and valued at over \$80 per acre, was purchased by him in 1872 for \$5 per acre, and withal was much laughed at for his foolish purchase. In 1872 he decided to cut the Gordian knot of high priced lumber and firewood in the valley, and to that end constructed a flume twenty-eight miles in length, costing \$56,000, and during the first year of its operation the Doctor expended \$160,000 in building mills, getting out lumber and wood and operating the flume. Although this enterprise proved of incalculable benefit to the community, it financially crippled the doctor, who found it necessary to dispose of the under-

taking. Dr. Blalock is now directing his energies to a 20,000 acre farm which is situated in the John Day country, which he has for several years profitably cultivated man, belongs the honor of opening to successful settlement to Indian maize.

HOLLON PARKER.—The history of communities and of nations is made up principally of the acts of men who contribute toward directing to a result the efforts of the people by whom they are surrounded. This is equally true, whether the actor be a Grant, marshaling his legions, a Croesus, dictating a nation's finances, or the obscure farmer whose grain is garnered to feed those dependent on him. This community, like others, has depended much upon those who "formed the mould." Hollon Parker is one of these. Born in the State of New York in the year 1830, and endowed with a liberal education, he started the battle for life while yet a young boy. At an early day he immigrated to Walla Walla, where he engaged in the real estate business. At that time the United States land office was situated at Fort Vancouver, and a trip from Walla Walla to that place meant two weeks' time and at least \$100 expenses, an amount far beyond the reach of many early settlers. Mr. Parker procured plats of the land situated in what is now Walla Walla county, and besides doing a thriving business, did much to relieve immigrants of a burden of expense. Subsequently he went into merchandizing, and the acquirement of land. At the present writing he is one of the largest land holders and one of the most successful farmers in the Territory. He owns and operates ten separate farms, each of them choice pieces of land, the whole aggregating 4,040 acres. Almost all of this land is in the highest state of cultivation, and especially so can this be said of his Dixie Farm—a garden spot of 1,100 acres, upon which there is a neat residence, good barns and outhouses, and substantial fencing. The entire tract has been placed in wheat this season, from which Mr. Parker expects a yield of thirty-five bushels to the acre. This farm is a particular source of pride to Mr. Parker, because its minutest details are supervised by him, not but that he keeps a personal supervision over all of his farms. Mr. Parker resides with his family in the city and owns much valuable urban property, together with a handsome brick block on Main Street. The subject of this sketch is a man who wears his years well, although a man of nervous temperament, ceaseless energy and rapid action. It has been often and truthfully said that Mr. Parker can transact more business in a given time than any other man in the county. With his multitudinous cares Mr. Parker often finds much time to devote for the public welfare, and whenever a legitimate manufacturing enterprise is broached, manfully comes to the front and offers to become one of a limited number to furnish the necessary capital to push the scheme to completion.

FRANK W. PAINE.—The present superintendent of the Territorial Penitentiary arrived in Walla Walla at an early day and engaged in the general merchandizing business, quitting that after several years of successful trading to enter into the agricultural implement trade which he carried on until 1881, since which time he has devoted himself to his large land interest and wheat growing. In 1879, with his brother, Mr. Paine erected a large three-story and basement brick building 80x120 feet, showing that he was not afraid to own property in Walla Walla. He also has an elegant residence built of brick, surrounded by handsomely kept-up grounds. Mr. Paine has been several times a member of the city council, mayor one term, and for years has been identified with our public school interests and was largely instrumental

in causing the erection of the Baker High School, a large and commodious brick structure costing \$30,000. Mr. Paine has also identified himself with every public enterprise that has yet been projected in the city.

CHRISTIAN MAIER.—The "father of summer-fallowing" is a sturdy German who started in life as a jolly tar, and becoming tired of the company of old Neptune, betook himself to land, where he has since remained with no cause on his part to bemoan the change made by him in early days. He soon cast aside all thoughts of the forecastle and devoted his energetic mind to acquiring property and becoming an agriculturist. Arriving in Walla Walla in 1859, he availed himself of Uncle Sam's munificence and took up 160 acres of rich land near the foothills, the site of his present home. After raising several crops in the manner pursued by the farmers of other countries, Mr. Maier soon discovered the "error of his ways" and gave to the Inland Empire that peculiar mode of farming known as "summer fallowing." By thorough farming and shrewd management Mr. Maier soon added to the area of his original farm, until to-day "Chris. Maier's farm" includes 1,800 of the best acres in Walla Walla county, every inch of which is in the highest state of cultivation. Whatever Mr. Maier does, he does well; his stables and barns are substantial and comfortable structures; his fences are always in repair, and no obnoxious weeds are allowed to take root on his possessions. About four years ago Mr. Maier erected a substantial brick farmhouse which would be an ornament to any farm in the Ohio Valley, and this he had furnished elegantly, if not sumptuously. Beside these lands Mr. Maier is the possessor of a large farm near Prescott, in the same county, and also owns a large stock ranch in Adams County, on the line of the Northern Pacific R. R.

THE WASHINGTON LOAN & TRUST CO.—The Washington Loan and Trust Company incorporated, of which Messrs. Thomas S. Krutz is president and Harry Krutz the manager, established themselves in business in Walla Walla about two years ago and in that short period have revolutionized the financial conditions of the country. The company, with offices in New York and Boston, and the home office in Walla Walla has a capital stock of \$200,000 and deals entirely in farm mortgages municipal bonds, and by its charter operates in Washington and Idaho Territories. When this company opened their doors to the public they found that the prevailing rate of interest on gilt edge securities was 1½ per cent. per month, a very few loans being made at one per cent. on long time. Discouraging usury and appreciating its inevitable result upon the farming community, they immediately began offering money at ten per cent., and even at a lesser rate of interest on long loans, with the result to break the exorbitant ruling rates and thus directly benefit the borrower. The natural result follows that the Messrs. Krutz have built up a substantial business and have gained the confidence of the farming and business communities.

GEORGE H. SUTHERLAND.—The well-known sanitary plumber, whose name heads this paragraph, has been established in business in Walla Walla for nearly six years and during that time has established an extensive trade. Recently Mr. Sutherland invented and has had patented an auxiliary steam boiler, especially designed for threshing engines and all other engines where there is a boiler having an extension of the shell of the boiler beyond the tubes. The improvement consists of a coil heater placed to catch the flames when they pass from the furnace and turn into the smaller flues. It causes an easy circulation of water and saves the boiler from burning, where heretofore parts have had to be replaced frequently at considerable cost. The boiler is in general use throughout this country, and those using them assert that from ten to twenty-five per cent. horsepower is saved by the heater, besides a saving of fuel, which in some countries means a saving of much money.

H. P. ISAACS, the owner and manager of the North Pacific "A" Mills of Walla Walla, and the "B" Mills of Prescott in the same county, is the best known miller in the Northwest. His two mills, both operated by the roller process have a capacity of 1,200 barrels daily. Mr. Isaacs has given much of his time and attention to the improvement of the wheat growing industry, and by his unaided efforts he has succeeded in introducing the Scotch Fife Wheat which makes a stronger and whiter flour than any grown in the valley, and as a consequence Mr. Isaacs is to-day profiting through his efforts, by making a flour that stands side by side in English markets with the best product of the Minneapolis mills. Mr. Isaacs is also president of the Board of Trade, which position he has filled with signal ability.

STAVEL & WALKER, dealers in agricultural implements, have, through their general manager Mr. Sol Centre, built up a trade in agricultural implements second to none in this great wheat growing belt. They own some valuable real estate in the city, upon which stand their warehouses. Thoroughly alive to the wants of the agricultural portion of the community, they spare no pains or money to place on the market the most improved imple-

ments known to agriculture. Recently this firm has had built by the Studebaker Manufacturing Company, a number of heavy wagons, specially designed for carrying heavy loads of wheat. These wagons are provided with hollow steel axles, self-lubricating spindles, which are perfectly dust proof. These wagons have proved very popular and have superceded all other wagons used to carry heavy loads of grain over rough roads. This firm also make a specialty of threshing engines designed to work in a hilly country where straw is the great field fuel.

BAKER & BOYER, bankers, is synonymous with the financial history of Walla Walla Valley. In 1862 the firm of Baker & Boyer, dealers in general merchandise, was formed, and after successfully carrying on the business for eight years, the firm closed out the merchandizing and opened the bank, which, to-day, stands as a massive monument to their financial ability and the confidence in which they are held by the business community. The business of the bank in all these long years has been under the personal supervision of John F. Boyer, the junior member of the firm, and is now ably assisted by his son, Franklin D. Boyer, who, in four years co-management of the bank, has earned recognition from the business management as a bright financier. In 1878 John F. Boyer was elected county treasurer, being the first Republican to hold that office in the county, and he has, since that time, been elected to that office either without an opposing candidate or else by an overwhelming majority. To such men as Dr. D. S. Baker and John F. Boyer, Walla Walla County owes much of its present prosperity and bright prospects.

COL. H. E. HOLMES is a typical American, remarkable for his pushing go-aheadtiveness, and with an eye always open for the main chance; born in Sullivan, Jefferson County, Wisconsin, in 1849, and immigrated to Walla Walla in 1873. With but limited means he opened a small drug store, which, within seven years grew to such proportions, that Mr. Holmes was compelled to erect a large two-story brick building in which to carry on his business. From his advent into the country he has identified himself with many prominent public institutions. In 1883 he was elected sovereign grand representative of the I. O. O. F., which office he filled with such luster to himself and credit to his grand jurisdiction, that in 1886 he was chosen grand master of that order. In 1881 the First Regiment of the National Guard was organized and H. E. Holmes was chosen colonel without a dissenting vote. He is the father of the thriving village of Dixie; owns two handsome brick business blocks, beside considerable other town and country property.

CHARLES T. HENRY is the leading real estate dealer of Walla Walla. Late deputy United States Marshal, Mr. Henry, upon severing his business relations with Uncle Sam, concluded that Walla Walla offered sufficient inducement for a dealer in city and country property, to devote his time to that and nothing else and immediately launched forth into his undertaking. Mr. Henry is particularly fitted for the business, being thoroughly familiar with the country and the city and the values of realty, and has thus brought to his aid a knowledge which has proven of more value than capital. Combining his knowledge of the Valley of Waters with his well known push, Mr. Henry has succeeded in establishing a lucrative business and at the same time is constantly doing much to direct settlers and investors to homes and bargains in this valley.

WALLA WALLA has frequently been called the Athens of the Inland Empire by reasons of her institutions of learning, her art societies and general penchant of people towards the channel of culture. Among the educational institutions may be mentioned Whitman College with its corps of twelve professors, St. Paul's (Episcopal School for girls, St. Vincent's (Catholic Seminary for girls) St. Patrick's Academy (for boys), and four elegant public schools, besides numerous primary schools, Kindergartens, a business college, a school of modern languages, two art schools, and four musical conservatories, the oratorio and Mendelssohn societies, besides a dozen or more literary societies.

O'DONNELL & JOHNSON, wholesale dealers in iron, steel and hardware, represent one of the solid institutions of the Northwest. Mr. O'Donnell, the senior member of the firm, reached Walla Walla with a good trade and superior business abilities as his only capital. He owns the handsomest residence in the city, over 1,000 acres of the richest farming land in the valley, and is interested in many of the industries of the city. In 1883, Mr. H. E. Johnson became a partner in the firm, being at the same time a director of the First National Bank. Previous to this period Mr. Johnson had been identified with the general merchandise business as the junior member of the firm of Rees, Winans & Co.

CHARLES H. HUNGATE engaged in the drug business in 1880 and has, since that period, steadily built up a business of which any young man might feel proud. Of good business abilities, an affable disposition and ample capital, he has won a position among our foremost business men. Mr. Hungate, beside his drug business, has valu-

able farm and stock interests, over which he maintains personal supervision, and, in connection with others, has made several profitable shipments of well-bred carriage horses to the Eastern States.

THE WALLA WALLA BOARD OF TRADE.—The Board of Trade, as at present organized, is the result of two meetings, held on Oct. 30th and Nov. 6th, 1885, respectively, at which some fifty of the representative citizens assembled for this purpose, and at the latter date Hon. H. P. Isaacs was elected president; T. L. Marum, vice president; H. D. Chapman, secretary, and A. Goldman, treasurer. A carefully prepared constitution and by-laws were then adopted, and an executive, and committees on statistics, grievances, manufactures, agriculture, railways, emigration and waterways selected. And thus the present Board of Trade came into being, having for its purpose the consideration and formation of all things pertaining to the commercial, manufacturing and industrial interests of this place and surrounding country, and any and all persons engaged in any legitimate business was upon the payment of \$10 initiation fee, eligible to membership. This body is for the most part composed of the young, active and enterprising business men, manufacturers, and a number of the most progressive farmers in the vicinity.

The firm name of H. Dusenbery & Co. recalls to the mind of the pioneer the first store opened in Oregon City, in the then Territory of Oregon. Later the firm established a branch house in the Dalles and in 1859 removed their headquarters to Walla Walla where they have since remained. This well known house does an annual business exceeding \$1,000,000, and has branch establishments in Dayton, Weston and Pendleton. The firm proper consists of Messrs. H. Dusenbery, Fred Stencil and Albert Rosenow, and several other brothers of the senior member of the firm are interested in the Weston and Pendleton branches.

DURING the present season twenty brick business blocks have been or are in course of construction in Walla Walla, aggregating an expenditure of \$285,000. Sixty-two wooden structures have been erected outside the fire limits; a number of handsome residences are also to be erected, notably among which is the residence of John L. Boyer, which will cost in the neighborhood of \$30,000 when completed. Construction on the city hall has commenced; the building will cost about \$30,000. The Masonic fraternity are also erecting a temple which will cost, when completed and furnished, about \$30,000.

W. S. OFFNER, one of the leading fruit growers, gives the following figures regarding the average berry crop of the Walla Walla fruit growing region: Strawberries yield 10,000 pounds to the acre, and sell readily at 5 cents a pound for the season, thus aggregating \$500 an acre. Raspberries yield a larger amount and are quickly bought up at 7 cents per pound—thus returning \$700 per acre. Blackberries yield 12,000 pounds per acre and sell at 5 cents, or \$600 per acre. Can any country offer such inducements to those of limited means who wish an investment with large and quick returns?

WILLIAM JONES, located in Walla Walla in 1880 and immediately engaged in the agricultural implement business, representing the line of goods carried by Frank Bros. of Portland. During these past years he has also been a successful grain buyer and is ranked among the shrewd business men of the city. On matters affecting transportation facilities Mr. Jones has taken a great interest and is considered one of the wisest counsellors in the Board of Trade.

BRODECK & Co., photographers, is one of the institutions of the "Garden City" of the Inland Empire. Established in 1879 by H. H. Brodeck, an artist of much merit, from his studio was issued work that soon attracted the attention of connoisseurs, and as a natural result, "Brodeck's gallery," from an humble beginning, developed into the largest studio on the North Pacific coast, being fitted with all the appliances known to the art.

CHAS. E. NYE, engaged in the wholesale and retail saddlery trade in Walla Walla during the year 1881, and to-day commands a saddlery trade that extends as far east as Dakota and northward into the British possessions. His constantly increasing trade has compelled him to remove into more commodious quarters and to-day he leads the trade of the "Inland Empire."

WALLA WALLA boasts of having five companies of U. S. cavalry, two companies of infantry belonging to the National Guards, three fire companies, a section of the Turn Verein, besides a number of social clubs. The Garden City cannot in any manner be considered backward in any of the elevating amusements.

AMONG the industries which would give profitable returns in Walla Walla city is a paper mill, a starch factory, woolen mills, a pork packing establishment, sorghum mills, a pottery and a shoe factory. Particulars can be had by addressing the Board of Trade.



HAS any one noticed the marked resemblance which Hon. Henry M. Rice of St. Paul bears to the portraits of the famous German General, Von. Moltke? There is an engraving of the surrender of Sedan hanging in the office of Thomas Dowse, at Duluth, in which the face and form of Moltke is almost identical with that of Mr. Rice.

THOMAS DOWSE, of Duluth, has a *fac simile* of an old map made in France in 1671 to show the locations of the Jesuit Missions on Lake Superior. The lake is called on this map "Lac Tracy, ov Syperievr"—the letter u not having been invented at that time. Can any of our Minnesota antiquarians tell where the name "Tracy" came from? On this map Lake Michigan is called "Lac des Illinois."

THE climate of the shores of Lake Superior and the northern portions of Lakes Huron and Michigan is so refreshingly cool in hot weather that summer visitors increase in number year by year. This year the hotels at Mackinaw, the Saulte, Marquette, Ashland and Bayfield have been overcrowded. More hotels are urgently needed. The point north of Bayfield would be a good location for one; one of the Apostle Islands would make an admirable site for a club house and cottages; and some point on the north shore easily reached from Duluth by rail and boat, could soon be made a popular resort if a large hotel were erected in a grove immediately on the bank of the lake.

AT most of the hotels in the Lake Superior towns the visitor might well imagine white fish to be a rare dainty, costing at least a dollar a pound, so small are the portions served. The way this excellent fish is abused in the cooking is shameful. Usually it is fried in ancient grease and left to simmer and soak in the pan for an hour or so. One hotel in Ashland, however, is a notable exception to the rule. There you get a big piece hot from the broiler and dripping with fresh butter. That hotel is full of guests, and years afterwards they will tell of the toothsome white fish they ate there. It pays to do things well, but multitudes of stupid people never find this out and go through life trying to succeed by being niggardly, grasping and careless of other folks' wishes and rights.

JUDGE DEADY, the Oregon judge who took pretty much all the remaining vitality out of the "long and short haul" clause of the Inter-State Commerce Act by his decision in the Oregon and California Railroad case, is a man of vigorous and independent mind, who occasionally finds time, in the midst of his judicial duties, to do literary work and deliver public orations. In his previous decisions he has usually taken the anti-railroad side of disputed questions. In holding that freight carried to or from a competitive point is always carried "under substantially dissimilar circumstances and conditions from that carried to or from non-competitive points," he has common sense on his side and has found a way to relieve the commerce of the country from the entanglements of Congressional interference. It now remains for the railroads to act upon their own judgement as to what are the "substantially similar circumstances and conditions" contemplated by the act which require that no greater charge shall be made for a shorter than for a longer haul. All large towns are competitive points, and it therefore looks as if the long and short haul clause, when sifted down by judicial interpretations and the rulings of the commission, would apply only to local

tariffs, and that the only valuable surviving features of the law would be its prohibition of passes, rebates and other forms of discrimination between individuals.

ONE day in June the so-called "oldest building in St. Paul" disappeared from Fourth Street. An artist of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE made a sketch of it before it was demolished, in full faith that it was entitled to the honor bestowed upon it by the Pioneer Association, when that body went to the trouble to put a sign on its moss-grown roof announcing that it was erected in 1844; declaring it to be the oldest of all the existing structures in the city. But scarcely had it been pulled down than Major Newson, who, as everybody knows, is the acknowledged chief antiquary of St. Paul, re-opened a venerable dispute as to the veracity of the signboard, asserting that the veritable oldest house is the one which still stands under the shadow of the Chamber of Commerce. That building, the major says, dates back only to 1847. The titular senior of all St. Paul structures was put to humble use in recent years as a blacksmith's shop. It was originally part of Louis Robert's trading post, and was built of tamarack timber. The pencil of our artist has saved it from passing into oblivion.

IN the Minnesota Club, the other day, I heard a judge of one of the State courts declare that the suggestion that persons accused of crime should be allowed to testify was absurd. Yet, in all civilized countries except those where the English language is spoken it is thought to be essential to the administration of justice that defendants in criminal cases should be put on the witness stand. Experience in such countries shows that guilty persons criminate themselves under the searching examination of the public prosecutor and that innocent persons wrongfully accused have an opportunity to explain the circumstances which appear to implicate them. There are probably a thousand innocent people in jail in the United States whose innocence could have been shown to the satisfaction of a jury had they been permitted to testify on their trials; and it is equally probable that 10,000 guilty people are at large who could have been convicted if sharply questioned by a shrewd prosecuting attorney. The exclusion of accused parties from the witness stand is a lingering superstition of the common law which should give way before the advancing light of intelligence. A man's liberty can be sworn away by unscrupulous witnesses while his mouth is sealed, and he can utter no word to the jury in his own behalf.

HOW TO INCREASE THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

The writer believes his brethren in every newspaper office in the State will agree with him in saying that a little less misconstruction of motives, a little less tendency to impute the worst, a little less internecine warfare and a little more disposition to say an occasional good word for each other, would greatly aid the power and prestige of the press. Where considerable mud is thrown, some of it is sure to stick. If the honorable colonel in his paper tells a startled world that the dishonorable major who runs the vile opposition sheet is an abortion whose continued existence constitutes a libel on fair humanity, and if the irate major announces in cold type that the rascally colonel is a son of a gun or something else in whom all the foul excrecences of degenerate humanity find visage, the colonel and the major who are good men both, must realize how futile and foreign, how subversive and worse than useless all this is, and how tickled lewd fellows of the baser sort are to see the sad spectacle. If such fight makes the unworthy laugh, it causes the judicious to grieve, and it is opposed to common sense, business rules, and the best instincts of journalism.—*Astoria (Or.) Astorian.*

THE WILD ROSES OF DAKOTA.

Dakota should be called the Land of Roses. There is no other place in the world where they are so numerous or where they take on so many delicate tints ranging from the pure white to the deep rich red; covering the prairie, swaying and nodding all day in the breeze, making it seem like some great rose-garden. Now, the first of July, they are just at their best. The first are found the latter part of May and all through June they stay at their height. They are still almost as numerous and will linger for several weeks to come; and during the latter part of this month and fore part of August millions of them which have crept into the wheat fields will be cut and tied up with the grain by the self-binders which gather Dakota's harvest; those which grow among the grain being shaded more, thus making them somewhat later than the ones which bloom on their native prairie.

They are all the simple five-petaled wild rose, though occasionally one will be found in richer soil, in which there are a few extra petals growing out of the centre, but none the handsomer for that; nor would it be were it as double as the tame roses of the garden. The pure white ones are not very numerous; there is usually just a touch of pink at least—like a blush—or sometimes they are slightly mottled, the white petal being sprinkled with red, each speck blending into the white; or again quite dark red in the centre and gradually fading into white towards the outer edge.

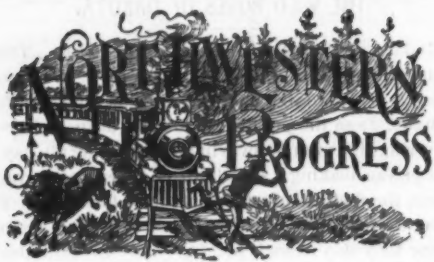
But by far the most numerous are the red ones, some lighter, some darker, giving the prairie a sunrise glow as one faces the breeze and sees thousands of them ever rising and falling just above the waving grass, with faces all turned in one direction—away from the wind. Perhaps they will be only a few inches above the ground, and then again where the grass is tall by a lake or river, two or three feet; and sometimes a little bush will boast but a single flower or bud, and then perhaps there will be fifty with three times as many buds. And wherever they are, and that is almost everywhere, they are always just looking above the bending grass and making the prairie seem like a great enchanted waving plain almost till the golden-rod and its autumn companions bring us the days of purple and gold.—*Dakota Bell.*

A WICKED EDITOR ROBS A BURGLAR.

We wish to return our sincere thanks to the enterprising but misguided burglar who broke into our residence night before last, under the impression that he was cracking the crib of the druggist who lives next door, says an Idaho editor. He entered at the window and carefully removed his boots, setting them down on the floor. To this circumstance, and to the fact that we saw him come in, we are indebted for the first pair of good boots we have had in ten years. While he was ransacking the house we quietly slipped out of bed and exchanged our old boots for his, and then went back to bed and fell asleep. How long he was in the house we do not know, but the presumption is that when he went away he took the old boots, as they have been missing ever since, and there was nothing else to take.



THE SO-CALLED OLDEST HOUSE IN ST. PAUL, RECENTLY DEMOLISHED.



Wisconsin.

ASHLAND claims a gain of 2,500 people during the past year. Many new business blocks are going up and hundreds of dwellings are under construction. The town looks for fully as much additional growth next year.

ONE of the Apostle Islands near Bayfield would make an admirable summer resort—a second Mackinac for coolness and beauty. Here is a chance for an enterprising real estate syndicate. Ex-Senator Windom was recently offered one of these islands for \$5 an acre.

Minnesota.

THE Minnesota & Northwestern has three surveying parties in the field looking up the most feasible route from St. Paul to Duluth.

DULUTH'S POPULATION.—The forthcoming directories of Duluth will show conclusively that this city now contains a population of very nearly 35,000. In the last seven years the growth of the Zenith city has been marvellous and remarkable. In 1880 Duluth's population was 3,470; in 1881 it had more than doubled, and was 7,850; in 1882 the population was 13,000, and in 1884 had reached 18,000; in 1885, according to the State census, the population was found to be 22,000; in 1886, according to the number of names contained in the directories of this city, the population was estimated at 26,000; and the directory now being published by R. L. Polk & Co., of this city, will clearly demonstrate that the population of this city has reached the magnificent total in round figures of 35,000 good and strong. No city in the United States can show such rapid progress in such a short space of time.—*Duluth Sun.*

Dakota.

THE TIN MINES A SUCCESS.—To the development of the tin mines the Black Hills country may confidently look for a great boom within a short time. When it comes it will come to stay. There is not an individual who has carefully examined the numerous fine tin prospects of the Hills who doubts for an instant that this is destined in time to become a great source of the world's tin supply.—*Rapid City Journal.*

HUNTING GOPHERS.—There are many fields of enterprise in Dakota. Benson County offers a bounty on gopher tails, and the treasurer has just paid \$1,038 for the coveted articles. Eddy County, adjoining Benson on the south, distributed \$50 worth of strychnine among the farmers and killed thousands of gophers in every township. And now it has been discovered that nearly all of Eddy County's dead gophers, especially in the northern part, have lost their tails since the death angel visited them.—*Laramie Pioneer.*

DAKOTA FARM LANDS.—Farming lands in Dakota are to-day as good property as man can invest in. The fact that times have been a little hard in this section, is but a repetition of the experience of the early settlers of every new country. The first three or four years, under these conditions, are those of expenditure and little revenue. That period has passed with most of our readers. Seed time has passed, and the harvest will be reaped, only be patient. The population of the East is crowded, land is high though exhausted. Our population has breathing room, the soil is fertile and will give back generously. The ominous mutterings in the social and laboring world in the East will one day burst in thunder. Our country is purely agricultural; the great industrial convulsions can affect us only indirectly. Money in the East is getting timid. It is beginning to move from its dangerous environment. Much buncom has been indulged in about Dakota; but after all, the future that is before us, if we keep our hands to the plow, is brighter than we think.

Montana.

THE Blue Bird Mill in Butte has just put in twenty additional stamps, making ninety in all. It is now the largest dry-crushing silver mill in the world.

THE Thompson Falls people notify all travelling preachers that they can stop over there on free board and lodging without even helping the good house-wife to wash the dishes.

THE BOULDER VALLEY ROAD.—The Boulder Valley Railroad is now nearly all graded a distance of thirty miles from Jefferson. The track is laid to the summit of the Wickes divide, and the steel would have long ago been

laid to Boulder, but for the fact that the spring floods have stopped the sawmills and lumbering operations, and prevented getting out some of the required bridge timbers. In a short time, however, the steel will be laid not only to Boulder, but as far as Basin.—*Helena Independent.*

THE loan agencies of St. Paul and Minneapolis are advertising money at six per cent. on real estate in those cities, if the security property is improved or to be improved. Loans at this rate are made for two, three, four or five years, as desired. On terms as liberal as those stated a great deal of money could be safely placed in Helena, where hundreds of buildings are being erected and many loans in a small way—from \$1,000 to \$5,000—are made at ten per cent. There is a big lot of cash in Montana's capital and chief commercial city, but it is dear to the borrower. A few millions of six per cent. money could find ready customers and safe investment here.—*Helena Herald.*

THE myth of the "Great American Desert" has finally disappeared from the contemporaneous history. Its last refuge was in the noble Territory of Montana; but the rapid development of that region shows conclusively that there is no desert there. On the contrary, to use the words of the San Francisco Chronicle: "Montana, enthroned among the mountains like a queen, beckons the advancing pioneer and smiles a welcome to all, who with industry and energy and honest purpose will demand from her the treasures which she has hidden for centuries in her bosom. The enchanted princess has slept for many a year, but now the true prince, the hardy American son of toil, has come to lay his kiss upon her lips and bid her wake to the realization of a new life and a new hope."

THE ROCKY FORKS RAILROAD.—At last every obstacle to the building of the Rocky Forks & Cooke City Railway has been removed by the approval of the President of the treaty made by Walter Cooper with the Crows for the right-of-way across the reservation. Our Washington special not only has this good news for the Territory, but the further glad tidings that the Manitoba also has a clear field for its line. Now that the Rocky Forks right-of-way has been secured absolutely, although it is late in the season, we shall hope to have that splendid fuel distributed through the country this winter, for it will be needed. What is necessary to secure it is the building of forty-five miles of road over a level country from Laurel, the starting point, only twelve miles west of Billings. This branch will open up the largest field of the best coal west of the Alleghenies.—*Butte Miner.*

A GREAT RECORD.—The record of the Anaconda smelter for the month of June has been made up. The production was greater than ever before in the history of the works during the same period. Should the June output be equalled during the remaining six months of the year, the fine copper product of the Anaconda company for 1887 will exceed that of the entire camp for 1886, which was upwards of 55,000,000 pounds. Furthermore, it may be stated that during June the Anaconda company produced more copper than the Calumet & Hecla, Tamarack and Quincy mines, of Michigan, combined, and almost as much as all the copper properties of Michigan. This fact may be unpalatable in Boston, but it is indisputable. The Calumet & Hecla out has closed down a few Michigan copper mines, but it simply stimulated operations by the great copper concerns of Butte. The Michigan tail can no longer wag the Montana dog.—*Butte Inter-Mountain.*

Idaho.

THERE was never before so much interest in mining in the Northwest as now. In Southern Oregon properties long idle are being worked and in Eastern Oregon, Washington and Idaho great bonanzas have been developed. A single new mine in Idaho is yielding its Portland owners thousands of dollars every month and others promise soon to become productive. The mining revival, for the new developments amount to a revival, is in the way of doing, in fact, has already begun to do great things for the country.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Oregon.

RED FIRE ON MOUNT HOOD.—For the Fourth of July celebration Portland performed an unprecedented feat in the way of fireworks. It was the illumination of the summit of Mount Hood, the tallest snow-covered peak in Oregon, 12,720 feet high. The light was plainly seen in the city, fifty-one miles in a straight line, and in Eastern Oregon, seventy-five miles away. The illuminating agent was 100 pounds of ordinary red fire. The task was accomplished by William G. Steel, a local explorer of note, assisted by Nelson W. Durham, of the *Oregonian* staff, and four others. They left Portland July 1st and reached the summit after meeting many difficulties and dangers. It was the first time that human beings spent the night on the summit of the mountain.

Washington Territory.

C. B. WRIGHT has signified his willingness to contribute \$10,000 towards securing the location of the Methodist college at Tacoma. C. B. Wright is Tacoma's patron saint, who deserves the praise of not only Tacoma but

the people of the whole Northwest. We wish we had a few such men in Ellensburg as C. B. Wright.—*Ellensburg Localizer.*

A SEMI-BITUMINOUS coal has been discovered about six miles from Easton. It is claimed to be an excellent coal for blacksmithing purposes. Work of developing the mines is now in progress.

THE building boom has fairly begun in Tacoma, and as fast as the foundations are laid for dwellings they are leased by the year in advance by the throng of new comers. The investments of local capitalists yield ten per cent. profit on the capital invested.

ORONDO is the latest townsite in the Big Bend country, says the *Yakima Signal*. It is situated on the Columbia, at Entiat Rapids, about two miles below the Entiat River. It is fourteen miles above the Wenatchie, seven miles from Badger, nine miles from Waterville, eleven miles from Douglas City, and thirteen miles from Okanogan City. Orondo has good water power and a part of it will soon be utilized.

WALLA WALLA did a heavy business this season in the strawberry line. The *Journal* says the shipments from Walla Walla to Eastern Oregon, Washington and Montana points, from May 28th (the beginning of the season) to June 16th, aggregates 2,107 crates—94,815 pounds, or over forty-seven tons. The largest shipments were made to Spokane Falls, Helena and Butte—506, 317 and 284 crates, respectively. Large quantities of vegetables were shipped during the same period.

THE railroad under construction to the new mine at Roslyn will be completed by September, and then trains loaded with working men will be run up from Roslyn daily. The design of the company is to put out as much coal from the new mine as from the old one. The company are busy putting in the engines and air compressors and hoisting apparatus, so they will be able to handle the output. The foundation of the engines cover a space of 25x40 feet, exclusive of buildings. The demand for coal is 4,000 tons per day.

ANTHRACITE COAL.—Coming down on the train the other evening a *Herald* reporter met John Gilman returning from the newly discovered anthracite coal mines near Lake Kachess, and in a conversation with him learned that there had been large deposits of anthracite discovered and that it was of a good quality. Mr. Gilman is an old blacksmith and understands good coal when he sees it. The *Herald* cabinet is in possession of a specimen of this coal which is pronounced by experts to be good anthracite. With our bituminous coal, our anthracite coal, the gold and silver, plumbago and copper mines, and the gold placer mines, Kittitas is fast becoming one of the most important centers in the Territory.—*Ellensburg Herald.*

NORTH YAKIMA is to have a new and complete hotel which will occupy relatively the same beneficial position to this town that The Tacoma does to the "City of Destiny." A company has been formed for this purpose, enough of the stock subscribed to insure the fulfillment of the undertaking which will become a reality before the coming of winter. The hotel building will not be large, as the aim is in the direction of comfort rather than extent. The dimensions, per plans submitted, are 50x68 feet, three stories and a basement. The building will be of brick, lath and plastered throughout, mansard roof, and be finished in native woods. Among the other modern improvements decided upon is an elevator and electric bells.—*North Yakima Signal.*

A NORTH PACIFIC GARDEN.—Warm-valued Walla Walla is looming up as the San Jose of the Northern Pacific coast. Her productive seasons are away ahead of her neighbor regions, and her fine-flavored fruits and vegetables are being shipped all over the upper country. Strawberries make the biggest showing, and tons and tons of them have been shipped to points where they are fully appreciated. Everything indicates that in the not very far future fruit trains specially loaded will roll through the Heppner country distributing their loads of luxury along the great grazing districts of Eastern Oregon as far south as Klamath land, where fruitless frosts make mutton and beef the staple products, and the trains will come from Wa-haw-la Walla.—*Heppner Gazette.*

OPENING FOR A GREAT BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.—No more profitable enterprise can be inaugurated at North Yakima than the slaughtering and shipping of dressed beef to the Sound. Where at present not more than thirteen to eighteen head of live cattle can be shipped to the car, by sending the dressed beef seventy-five carcasses can be packed to the refrigerator car, which are furnished on demand by the Northern Pacific. Ice is not expensive here and in addition to the freight saved those engaged in this undertaking would clear the hides and tallow. The person or company engaging in this enterprise will build up a great and profitable industry and there is no reason why it should not be located here. Who will make the initial move?—*Yakima Signal.*

INFORMATION ABOUT THE NORTHWEST

If you want to know all about Tacoma and the country traversed by the new Cascade Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad in Washington Territory, send fifteen cents in postage stamps for THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for June, 1887.

If you want to know all about the city of Minneapolis, send fifteen cents for THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for April, 1887.

If you want to know all about the new discoveries and old wonders of the National Park send fifteen cents for THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for May, 1887.

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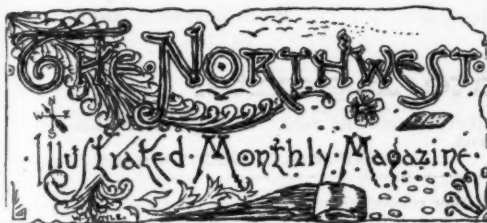
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ISSUE LETTERS OF CREDIT FOR FOREIGN TRAVEL,
RECEIVE THE ACCOUNTS OF DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN BANKERS, MERCHANTS AND CORPORATIONS.

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, AUGUST, 1887.

THE recent publications of the passenger department of the Northern Pacific Railroad are original and interesting and quite apart from the ordinary run of railroad literature. Lieut. Schwatka's "Wonderland" reads like a series of first rate magazine articles, and the Duluth folder, with Proctor Knott's speech, interlarded with facts and figures in red ink showing the present importance of the city at the head of the Great Lakes, is a stroke of genius. General Passenger Agent Fee and his assistants know how to get out of the ruts in which most railway publications travel, and are constantly winning the attention of the travelling public with something novel as well as instructive. Mr. Fee is now preparing a folder on Tacoma, the western terminal city of the road.

THE development of the great Lake Superior iron interests has been seriously hampered this season by the heavy advance in lake freights. Vessel owners, finding that all available shipping was going to be in active demand to move the grain from Duluth and the heavy output of ore from the Gogebic and Vermilion mines, combined to demand a rate on iron which the mine owners deem exorbitant. The result is that several of the largest iron concerns are going to build vessels for their own exclusive use, in order to be independent. This is to be done by both the H. H. Porter syndicate, operating in the Vermilion Range, and by an association of Gogebic interests. It is stated that fully one-third of the Lake Superior ore output will be retarded this season because of the scarcity of vessels and the high freight rates.

NORTHERN PACIFIC DIVIDEND SCRIP.

The Northern Pacific Company proposes to the holders of the \$4,600,000 outstanding six per cent dividend scrip, issued in 1883 as a 11 per cent dividend on preferred stock to represent the net earnings applied to construction, which matures Jan. 1, 1888, to extend the same for twenty years, with semi-annual interest payments thereon, the right being reserved to pay the principal after five years, and any new mortgage made before the scrip is retired is to recognize the priority of its lien.

This scrip is a troublesome relic of the too enthusiastic financiering of Henry Villard. By figuring up regular rates on hauling construction material for the completion of the Northern Pacific, he made out that there was a surplus of earning which belonged to the preferred stock holders. This surplus was purely constructive, and as there was no money to pay the dividend declared, scrip was issued for it. The company has been paying interest regularly on this scrip, so the new arrangement does not put any fresh burden upon its finances. The holders have accepted the proposition, which is a good one all around, giving them a sound six per cent security and affording the company ample margin of time within which to retire the obligations.

RAILROAD POINTERS.

The Manitoba Provincial Government, not having the fear of the Canadian Pacific monopoly and the Dominion Government before its eyes, is now at work building a road from Winnipeg to the Dakota boundary.

The Northern Pacific Company, using the machinery of a corporation of its own creation, is actually constructing a road down the Red River Valley to connect with the new Manitoba road. Thus the province of Manitoba will secure an outlet to the head of Lake Superior, by way of the Northern Pacific, and will no longer be tied hand and foot to the Canadian Pacific.

The Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic is building from Duluth to the Saulte. The Grand Trunk, which is the rival of the Canadian Pacific at all important points in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, will undoubtedly run a line to the Saulte next season. Thus the new system of roads will give the Grand Trunk entrance to the best agricultural regions of Manitoba and to Winnipeg, the commercial center of the Province.

These new movements are highly important to Manitoba, to Northern Pacific interests, to Duluth and to the Saulte St. Marie.

AT THE SAULTE.

The convention held at the Saulte Ste. Marie, Michigan, on the twentieth of July, for the purpose of bringing public opinion to bear upon Congress in favor of the immediate construction of a new and mammoth lock for the ship canal through which all the commerce of Lake Superior must pass, assembled a large number of representative men from the East, the lake cities and the Northwest. Most of them visited the Saulte for the first time. What did they see there of special interest?

First, and most noteworthy, two never-ending processions of vessels passing through the locks—the west-bound craft heavily laden with wheat or iron ore. The locks are now operated to within one-sixth of their utmost capacity. Should there be as great an increase in the Lake Superior carrying trade in 1888 over 1887 as this year shows over last the present locks would be fully employed night and day. New locks are therefore an imperative necessity. Before they can be completed, even if Congress gives the engineers all the money they can spend, much of the future increase in ore and grain tonnage will be forced to take rail routes to the east.

Second, an ambitious town of about 3,000 people, rapidly erecting solid brick buildings, already posses-

sing good public edifices, full of active real estate speculators, and hoping great things from the advent next fall of three railroads and the early construction of a water-power canal.

Third, the piers of the international railway bridge, which is to cross the St. Mary's River just above the rapids, and to be used in the near future by the following roads: The Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic, to be completed this year; the Minneapolis and Saulte Ste. Marie, also to be finished before next winter; the Canadian Pacific, now building a branch to the Canadian side of the river, and the Grand Trunk, which has determined to build a branch next year.

Fourth, a magnificent water-power project, already organized and furnished with capital, which proposes to use Lake Superior for a mill-dam, and by a canal back of the town to secure a fall of eighteen feet and develop a great milling interest.

Fifth, a village of 1,000 people on the Canadian Shore, with the same name as the American town, ambitious in the easy-going Canadian fashion, and possessing no end of water-power waiting utilization. The Dominion Government has already appropriated \$2,000,000 for a ship canal on its side of the St. Mary's rapids.

GROWTH OF THE TWIN CITIES.

The directories of St. Paul and Minneapolis, issued the last week in June, makes a remarkable showing for the recent growth of both cities and warrant the claim that the ratio of their increase of population is greater than that of any other considerable city in the United States during the past year. Since the last directory census was taken, in the summer of 1886, St. Paul has added 12,873 names to her list and Minneapolis 10,011. Using the multiple of $2\frac{1}{2}$, to estimate population from directory names, the most conservative employed for the purpose in any city, it appears that St. Paul has gained 31,185 inhabitants during the past year and Minneapolis 25,027 and that the population of the former city is now 155,557 and of the latter 149,202. The combined population of the two by the same rule of calculation is now 304,779. As their boundaries are contiguous it is the aggregate population that we must take to arrive at a proper conception of their importance as the great center of population of the Northwest.

Minneapolis claims, that a larger multiple should be used to determine her population by reason of the different method used there for compiling the directory, servant girls not being enumerated as in St. Paul. Something must be conceded to this claim. Making due allowance for it, however, it cannot well be denied that during the past year the older city has made more rapid progress than its younger neighbor. There have been special causes at work in the capital city which have not been operative in the sister city at the Falls, the chief being the establishment of numerous manufactories and the opening of new suburban lines of travel. Now that the water power of the Falls of St. Anthony is fully utilized and coal must be depended on for power for all new enterprises, St. Paul has advantages for manufacturing fully equal to those of her neighbor and has been making successful efforts of late to attract experienced concerns in the East either to remove their works bodily or to establish branch factories here. When Minneapolis forged ahead of St. Paul in 1880, and kept the lead year after year, the older city, although growing steadily, seemed to some of her own people to lack the vigor and enterprise which were bringing her young rival forward with such enormous strides, but about a year ago a change was perceptible. Minneapolis did not slacken her pace but St. Paul greatly quickened hers. The old town at the head of navigation on the Mississippi is now fast regaining her former position. Will she keep it? Is she destined to overshadow her neighbor at the Falls and to become the unrivalled trade center and business and social capital of the Northwest, or will both cities continue to advance on nearly parallel lines? These are questions which the development of the next two or three years will answer.

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In a first-class carriage in Germany an Englishman was
observed to be putting his head out of the window.
The train was going fast and a sudden gust of wind blew
his hat off. With a fearful oath he reached down for
his hat-box and hurried it after the hat. Then he sat
down and smiled on his fellow-passengers, but of course
did not speak. The Germans roared with laughter, and

one of them exclaimed: "You don't expect your hat-box
to bring your hat back to you, do you?"

"I do," said the Englishman. "No name on the hat,
full name and hotel address on the hat-box. They'll both
be found together, and I shall get both, d'you see now?"

Then the Germans subsided and said they had always
considered the English a great and practical nation.

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am as healthy as I ever was; insurance, indeed?"
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of respect for yourself. I thought you were failing."
"And what in the world put it into your head that
I am failing? Me failing? Why, I am strong as a
horse, and can run up three flights of stairs without
taking a breath." "Well, it may be so; but I am
afraid you are deceiving yourself." "Deceiving my-
self! Goodness gracious, woman, what do you mean?"
"Don't be so impatient; what makes me think you are
failing is this: When you were courting me you
could hold me on your lap three hours; now you can-
not hold the baby on your lap three minutes."—
Boston Courier.

A printer up in Canada is said to be 163 years old. He
has made so many typographical errors during his career
that he is afraid to die.—*Somerville Journal.*

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Mr. Sugarsand (hopefully)—"I hope so, sir, but I haven't tried it long enough yet to make a fair test of it.—N. Y. Sun

EMBARRASSING FOR THE SCHOOLMASTER.—The schoolmaster is taking supper with the Peppers. Little Johnny Peppers breaks in upon the silence—"Ma, do you take snuff?" Mrs. Pepper: "Why, no, my son, you know I don't. What makes you ask such a foolish question that?" Little Johnny: "Nothin'; only I heard the schoolmaster say this morning that every time you took snuff pa had to sneeze." Schoolmaster abashed, while Mrs. Pepper glares at her husband opposite in silent wrath.—Texas Siftings.

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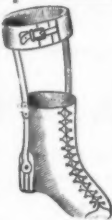


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Commenced business in 1880; incorporated in 1884, with a paid up capital of \$50,000 and have invested over \$900,000 for eastern banks and individuals without loss. The Company confines its loans to the Red River Valley. On the Dakota side the field embraces the six RED RIVER VALLEY Counties, containing 13,583 farms and 1,735,243 acres of improved land, and a population of 83,243—16,550 more than any other six counties in the Territory. City loans negotiated. BONDS & WARRANTS for sale. Correspondence solicited.

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—LIVE STOCK A SPECIALTY.—

THE ZENITH CITY.—An erroneous impression which prevails very generally, not only all over the country, but right here at home, is that the euphonious and most appropriate appellation, "Zenith City of the Unsalted Sea," is an extract from the speech of Proctor Knott. Way back in '68, when the population of Duluth consisted of a few hundred dwellers in primitive shacks on Minnesota Point, a Fourth of July celebration was held, and Dr. Thomas Foster, father of Clarence Foster, and editor of the *Minnesotan*, was the orator of the day; in the course of his remarks Mr. Foster gave utterance to those words, which, by common consent, have been accepted, and than which a more acceptable synonym for Duluth has not since escaped the lips of any of the many eloquent speakers who have taken Duluth as a subject.—*Duluth Herald*.

Strobach & Munter are long established and responsible real estate agents in Spokane Falls, and Spokane Falls is now the most rapidly growing town between Duluth and Puget Sound. These two points taken together are worthy the attention of Eastern investors. Every one who has put money in this progressive town has made money.

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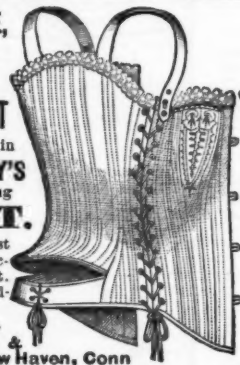
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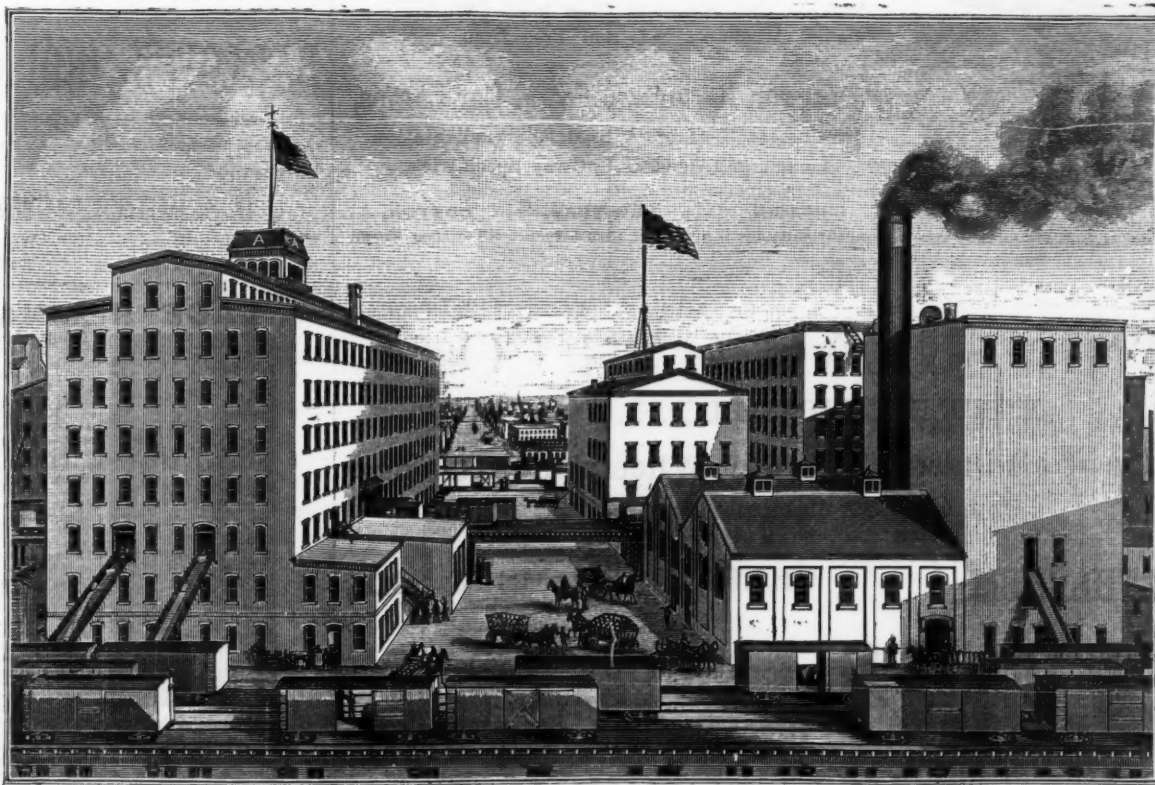
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This company is organized under the Law passed in 1885, requiring that all companies organized within the Territory of Dakota for the transaction of the business on the mutual plan, shall have actual application for insurance upon which the premiums shall amount to at least \$50,000, at least \$10,000 of which must have been paid in cash. It is an association of the business men of Dakota for the purpose of insuring themselves at cost.

ITS POLICIES ARE ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT CONDITIONS.

The premiums for insurance in this company are payable as follows: One-fourth of each year's premium, cash; the other three-fourths are paid in assessments levied upon an assessable note which draws no interest and is payable only in case of assessments to meet losses and expenses. The first payment of cash is credited on the books of the company, and when an assessment is levied, it is charged up to this account. As soon as this account is overdrawn, an assessment is made on the assessable note. Thus, insurance is guaranteed at cost.

In the Hail Department only 160 acres will be taken in one section. In case of damage by hail, in the adjustment and payment of the loss, no deduction shall be made for the cost of harvesting, stacking, threshing or marketing grain. The adjustment is made from the actual stand of grain at the time of loss, and for every bushel of grain lost, the company pays the price of the same kind of grain at your market place on the first day of October. All hail losses are paid on the first day of November.

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You pay your premium in small installments, so that it will be easy to meet. We wish every man in Dakota owning property in Dakota to thoroughly investigate the plan and workings of the company, and if found satisfactory, insure himself with us and leave the money you have heretofore paid to Eastern companies at home to be used among you. Correspondence solicited.

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P. O. Block

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Darling, what was the text?"
 "I'm not quite sure, papa, but it sounded like 'Many are Cold, but Few are Frozen.'"

It is said that the pin has made its way into the highest walks of life, although it has but one point in its favor. But then it has a level head and lots of brass.

Inquisitive party—"And do you go up that ladder all day long?"
 Pat—"No, sur, half uv the time Ol cum down."

He—"Dese heah kears am mighty dangerous, and hit's mostly de las' kear what's smashed up."
 She—"Why don't dey leave off de las' kear, den?"

Barber—"What you need sir, is some of my hair restorer."
 Customer—"What I need more, sir, is a divorce from my wife."

One of the old settlers at the Isle of Shoals, seeing the name "Psyche" on the hull of a yacht, the other day, spelled it out slowly, and then proclaimed, "Well, if that ain't the durndest way to spell fish."

"How is your son who went to New York doing, Mr. Smith?"
 "He has made a name for himself, already," said Mr. Smith.
 "Indeed? In what way?"
 "I understand he calls himself Smythe now."

A SUFFICIENT EXCUSE.—Wilkins: "I say, Timpkins, there comes De Grap, let's get out of the way." Timpkins: "Why, does he owe you anything?" Wilkins: "No, but he's had a story accepted by a magazine and he's explained to me three times already how he came to write it."

Old Gent—"You know, of course, that my daughter has \$100,000 in her own right."
 Young Man—"Yes, sir."
 O. G.—"And you are not worth a cent."
 Y. M.—"I'm poor, sir, but, great scott, \$100,000 is enough for two! Why, I'm economical to meanness."

OPPOSED TO CULTURE.—A Montana girl came East and entered a fashionable boarding school for a year. On her return she flew into her father's arms, gasping out: "Oh, papa! How is mamma and—" The old Montanian retreated until he backed up against the depot; then he shook one hoary finger warningly towards the returned "Sadie" and said: "Don't you go for calling me 'poppy' and your mam 'mommy,' Sary Jane. We won't hev it."



A Confidential Opinion.

"What do I think of female doctors? I consider them indispensable. When my wife is ill I send for Doctress Melton; then both get to talking about the latest styles, gossip a little and the result is she well again!"

"Dad" and "mam" was good enuff fer ye when ye left home, an' it's good nuff now that you've come home. B'ar that in mind, Sary Jane, and don't 'poppy' me again or I'll take a brush to ye."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

SIGNS OF GOOD LUCK.—Omaha man: "No, I have trusted a good many popular signs, and they are all frauds. Once, when at my home in Newton, Pa., I found a four-leaf clover, and that night I proposed to a girl, a Miss Blank, but she refused me." Eastern stranger: "Well, you see the four-leafed clover brought you good luck." "Good luck?" "Yes, I wish I'd found the clover I married her."

"Why, aunt," said a blooming young lady to her ancient spinster relative, as they stood waiting on the corner, "you don't really mean to get on to that crowded car, do you?" "That's just what I've been waiting for," replied the antique, grimly. "It's all very well for you young girls to talk, but when I get a chance to sit on a man's lap I ain't going to waste it."

A correspondent who has got tired of hearing the statement that there is no rhyme in the English language for the word "month," sends the following to show that there is:

I saw them take him down Broadway,
 December was the month;
 His pistol it was thrown away,
 As also was his gun th—
 (Rown away.)

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.—A Dakota young lady was visiting a friend in the East who had visited her in Dakota last summer. "You don't know how I miss our lovely Dakota moonlight," said the territorial maiden. "Don't you think the moon is as nice here as at your home?" asked her friend. "Oh, it isn't half so lovely. You ought to see it—it's perfectly elegant and makes it almost as light as day." "I did see it last summer and it didn't seem to me to be any brighter than it is here." "Oh, well, last summer of course it wasn't, but you ought to see it this summer since the boom struck the place! It is fifty per cent. brighter."

"Hot day," said a stout gentleman to a stranger on a crowded Main-street car yesterday. "Hey?" said the other. "Hot day," said the first, something louder. "Excuse me, I'm somewhat deaf and hardly caught your meaning. What did you say?" "I say it's a hot day!" howled the fat man, glaring at his neighbor and getting red in the face and ears, as everybody in the car looked up from their papers. "Ah yes, yes, how much must you pay? Five cents: that's the fare on this line." Whereupon the corpulent individual said some bad words under his breath and got off the car. "Yes," said the deaf man gently, "that's the tenth man within an hour that's told me it was a hot day. Perhaps they imagine I don't know it," and he smiled sweetly and fanned himself with his hat.—*Buffalo Courier*.

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Specifications and Plans drawn and Estimates given for Power and Hydraulic Plants (including Town Water Supply), complete or in part, guaranteeing specified required service and results. Improvements made in existing plants guaranteeing economy far in excess of first cost. Correspondence, stating requirements, solicited on these subjects.

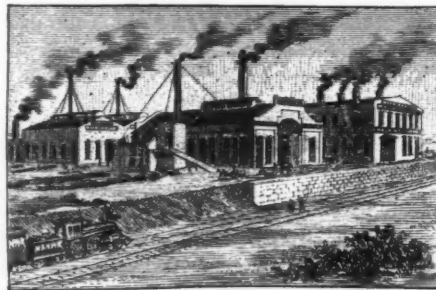
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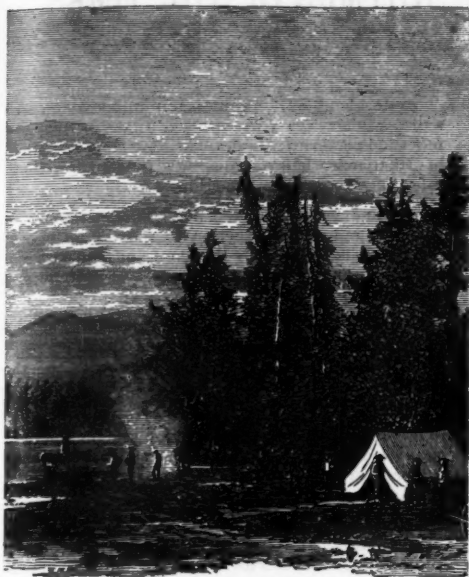
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For The Northwest Magazine.

PIONEER LIFE IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

III.

Camping Out in the Timber.

In the heat of August, when the hot winds blow, the bunch-grass is dead, the mercury hovering between 90° and 100°, and the dust growing deeper every day; when "society" in the civilized world goes to the springs and the falls and the sea-shore, we harmless savages among the foot-hills betake ourselves to the timber for a month of Arcadian delights. The party is made up, of course, within "our set," though it is sometimes sufficient for a good-sized colony, generally numbering from fifteen to thirty, or thirty-five members.

For three days before we start there is a hum of preparation audible. The elders grow more and more hilarious, and the youngsters more boisterous, as the time approaches. Boxes and sacks of provisions are packed, rolls and rolls of blankets, tents, hammocks, canvas cots and stools, guns and ammunition, (for there are "varmints" in the woods) fishing tackle, clothing, axes and saws, hammers and nails, medicine chests and musical instruments, sketching materials and fancy-work, books, papers—everything, in fact, out of which comfort or amusement can be wrung. Johnson is our Jehu, and loads into his immense six-horse wagon all the freight, and as many of the passengers as possible. The rest go in parties of two, four, or six, in carriages or light mountain wagons; the boys and young men generally on horseback. Our costumes are fantastic. The ladies and children usually wear stout sailor costumes scandalously short, and heavy shoes. The gentlemen wear flannel shirts, pants in boots, and all wear wide straw hats.

There is jubilee, bantering and singing, when we start, but it subsides somewhat during the long, dusty ride. Sixteen or eighteen miles we must go, climbing steadily more than a hundred feet to the mile, before the first timber is reached. The road lies through beautiful farming lands, and the vision can range for fifty, sixty, a hundred miles, over a thousand times "a thousand hills" dotted with cultivated fields, green, gray, brown, black and yellow, with thousands of stacks of golden grain, the whole resembling a huge crazy quilt, thrown over a colossal and very ill-made bed, to which the distant summits furnish the unshapely pillows. But the way is dusty and long; the rare atmosphere of the mountains begins to waken our appetites, and we joyfully hail the sighing of the first pines as the beginning of the end. Sometimes we camp over night near the edge of the timber, then proceed in the morning, ten, twenty, miles nearer the summit. Usually we reach the timber early in the afternoon, and stop an hour to re-

fresh ourselves and horses, while some young men ride on to select a camp and return to guide us to it.

It is usually in the wide canyon of a rushing mountain stream, where the timber is dense and tall, and the pine-clad peaks tower high into heaven on either side of us. The road through the timber is good at this season, and with revived spirits, we ride on, under lofty, rocking pines and firs, past thickets of climbing clematis, which we snatch to wreath our hats; shooting from the wagons at rabbits and birds; fording the blue-green, transparent and impetuous waters of the stream, up, up, still climbing slowly for ten, twelve miles, perhaps, till the chosen spot is reached.

All hands join heartily in the work of pitching camp, and the uproar is simply terrific. We are now in the "forest primeval" and away from all fears of restraint and repression, and the first impulse which seems to seize all hearts and lungs is to yell! The enthusiasm of a negro camp-meeting is but a tame comparison. Everybody sings, bawls and shouts. The children shriek in ear-splitting chorus, to hear the horrified echoes reply among the peaks; the very dogs bark and howl in sympathy. Meanwhile all hands are busy. Horses are unhitched, unharnessed, unsaddled and picketted; tents are stretched, a tree is felled across the stream for a bridge, somebody cuts wood and builds a huge campfire, a crane is hung—of sticks—and a huge table is built, of materials brought for the purpose. Sometimes a cook is hired by the party, sometimes the gentlemen take turns at the *cuisine*, the ladies doing the lighter portions. Boxes are unpacked, cans are opened, kettles boil, meat sputters, coffee steams. The table is covered with red cotton cloths, which will be washed in the stream, dried on the bushes and returned to duty as long as we stay. The food is dished up in tin pans, and each person is provided with a tin plate and cup, an iron spoon, knife and fork. Our food is bolted, not eaten, all standing about the table, spear- ing and ladling our portions from the tin pans; for our appetites are wolfish.

Supper over, we improve the remaining moments of daylight in preparing our dormitories. Cots are stretched, blankets unrolled and hammocks swung. Some prefer to break great piles of green fir plumes to spread their blankets upon, and these are the sweetest and kindest beds of all. Some ladies, timid or elderly, prefer to sleep in a tent, but usually after the first night at least, everybody sleeps out under the sky. The young men are busy cutting and dragging together great piles of wood for the evening's fire. It takes three of them to roll the huge backlog to its place: dead limbs and trunks are piled high, and huge chips of pitch thrown in; the red flames tower and crackle as we gather around them, lighting up the canopy of boughs far over head. Darkness has settled in the canyon, but the western face of a bald peak far above, still glows with a faint rose-hue. The circle forms about the fire. Campstools, wagon seats, boxes and logs are utilized for chairs; the dogs and children roll upon the ground, and a tide of joy sets in. Stories are told, and songs are sung in rollicking chorus. By and by two or three strangers appear in the circle. They are the "hands" from the sawmill down the stream, attracted by our uproar, and pining for society. Very often they are gifted and congenial spirits, who add their share to the fund of enjoyment. A violin or guitar is produced, and a general dance ensues, childish games and romps are revived and dignity is at a discount. The owls hoot faintly in the distance, coyotes howl, answered by our canine comrades; disturbed birds and uneasy bats flit overhead.

Presently hunger comes upon us all; a box of fruit is produced, or a bag of cakes: the old army veteran teaches us the art of roasting ears of sweet corn, husk and all, in a hank of coals, or we cook potatoes in a similar manner and eat them with scraps of bacon broiled on a sharp stick. More songs, more games, more stories; everybody is loth to retire, but midnight generally drives us to our couches; the fire burns low, and the camp grows quiet. Sleep comes

but slowly, on the first night in camp. The calm stars look searchingly into your eyes, though you try to close them. The sighing of the pines seems like a whispered conversation; the rush and gurgle and murmur of the stream sounds like a distant song, sinking and swelling. You raise your head and look around you; the dim firelight shows you some one else doing the same thing. Perhaps some unsophisticated person has arranged his couch upon a sloping place, and after repeatedly sliding out at the foot and climbing back again is fain to seek a more level place. Perhaps some restless mortal crawls out of his bed with smothered oaths to remove a torturing pile of pine canes from under the small of his back, or some fat lady's hammock rope suddenly breaks, causing a scream, and general confusion. But sleep comes at last, sweet and sound, and refreshing. The old soldier lies by the fireside, rolled in his blankets, scorning any other bed. The quiet moon watches over the silent camp, and the creek sings our lullaby.

The hunters and fishermen wake, and steal noiselessly away, while it is yet dark, but the others slumber on, for the sun is climbing over the peaks on the eastern side of the canyon. The cooks at last arise, and start the fire, and the camp awakes. It may be supposed that getting out of bed before a mixed audience in broad daylight, is a delicate matter, but this is a mistake. The sleeping apartments are well scattered out among the underbrush. The gentlemen usually remove nothing but their outer garments, and manage to wriggle back into them before rising. The ladies simply "wrap the drapery of their couch about them" and hurry into the dressing tent. The sportsmen return, bringing their trophies which are served up for breakfast. After breakfast Johnson bids us good-by, and returns to town; the camp is put in order, swings and "teeters" arranged for the youngsters, and everybody plans his own enjoyment for the day. There is hunting and fishing, berry-picking and canning, fancy-work and novel-reading, sketching and love-making, gossip and luxurious doing of nothing at all. Everybody is in genial and kindly mood, for the influence of the grand old Mother is uplifting.

We take ten-mile tramps with no sense of fatigue; or ride ponies for half a day, through the forest. Each meal-time brings us together with fiercer appetite than the last; each evening there are new songs, and games and stories of adventure; our slumbers grow sounder night by night. Many of the gentlemen go home for a few days, to attend to business, but on Saturday night they all rally back, bringing fresh provisions, mail, etc., and are received with shouts of welcome by all the camp. Sunday mornings we are permitted to shut the head-gates of the sawmill, and after the water has escaped we capture the stranded and helpless trout with our hands. Cowardly sport, but they are delicious eating. The weather is perfect all the time; no intense heat, no dust, no wind, no rain. We grow rugged, and plump and brown, every day. Every day brings its incidents. Somebody falls into the creek, or kills a rattlesnake, or sees a (suppositious) bear in his wanderings; or a little mountain cat walks into camp in the dead of night, and gives a yell equal to that of a full-grown panther, which brings everybody's heart into his mouth. The wood-rats eat our shoes, and carry off our knives, forks and spoons. But the freedom, the dirt, the laziness of this existence are thoroughly enjoyable, and we are all rapidly going back to a state of savage nature. Clothes grow shabby, and shoes wear out, duties recall us to the world, and at last Johnson is reluctantly summoned, and our camp breaks up. The last night is unusually noisy, the last camp-fire the biggest and latest kept of all; and so we go back to our homes, glad, after all, to get back, and we "take up the burden of life again" with minds and bodies both refreshed by our season of relaxation, and always looking forward to the next reunion. Next year, alas! we shall not all be there. Two names carved upon the "Album Tree" have been stricken from the roll of the living. Best and sweetest spirits of all, can it be that we shall hear your voices and see your

smiles no more? No, you will speak to us through the whispering pines, and look kindly down on us from the quiet stars when we go back to camp, and some time when this week-day world is over for us, and its long Saturday night has come, you will greet us with joyful welcome by the banks of the River of Life.

TIMOTHY.

THE JAMES RIVER VALLEY, IN DAKOTA.

Correspondence St. Paul Farmer.

The James, or Jim River, as it is popularly called, in Dakota, is in many respects one of the most curious streams on the continent. Its source is a number of coulees rising in the stony and elevated Coteaux in the western part of Wells County. These coulees have a general southeasterly course for twenty-five or thirty miles, after which they unite to form the James, which thenceforth, in the 350 or 400 miles of its course, takes a tolerable direct southerly direction until it unites with the Missouri, six or seven miles east of Yankton.

The valley through which it passes is a great con cave trough, and, measures from summit to summit of the elevated highlands which enclose it both on the east and west, is from fifty miles in the upper to ninety miles in width in its middle lower part. The river below La Moure has no well defined secondary bottom lands, flowing in a canal like course, and rarely depressed more than twenty or twenty-five feet below the plain. The fall of the valley, in contrast to that of the Missouri 100 miles to the west, is very slight, and consequently the current in the stream throughout much of its course is so sluggish as to be almost imperceptible in a dry time, and, as in the vicinity of La Moure, stretches of many miles of still water, deep enough to float a fair sized steamboat, fills its bed. The slope of its valley in the northern half of Brown and southern half of Dickey counties becomes so slight that the river expands out into a reedy lake called Sand Lake.

This lake is eighteen or twenty miles long, and several miles in width. The citizens of Columbia a year or so ago placed a steamboat upon it, but the summer of 1886 was so dry that it is probable that the boat could not navigate the river down to the town, which is a mile or so below its lower end.

It is claimed that the Jim is the longest unnavigable river in the United States, but I see that a citizen of Mitchell is building a steamboat to navigate its placid waters for a hundred miles or so above this place. The builder claims that the river has a depth sufficient to make navigation possible, but a good many doubters claim that in order to make regular trips, she must be able to float on a heavy dew. The bed of the river at Jamestown is so much lower than the Missouri at Bismarck, 100 miles due west, that if a channel could be made from it to the Jim it would have a fall of 273 feet in that distance; but such a scheme would be an impossibility, for the summit of the intervening Coteaux rises 189 feet above the Missouri, and it would take more than a Panama canal cut to accomplish the job.

Timber is not abundant along the river, and where the stream has a straight course is often entirely wanting. However, on its lower course and above Grand Rapids there are many beautiful groves of elm, ash, oak and box elder in the bends and on the islands. As soon as cultivation stops the prairie fires, trees will rapidly increase in number. For a view of pleasant, picturesque scenery of leafy groves, a winding rocky stream, with pools of pellucid water, with a sparkling rapid here and there, wide spreading bottom lands bounded by rounded grassy hills, I would recommend a trip about this time of year along the James River division of the N. P. R.R., from La Moure to Jamestown. Almost unknown in 1880, the valley is now settled throughout its whole extent, and it is already as well cut up by railroads as any of the most prosperous sections of the older states. Many parts of Brown and other counties look like great grain gardens, and it is a matter of record that in a

single season the little town of Groton alone received 800,000 bushels of wheat. The soil, a black loam on a clay subsoil, is of such a character that, with any kind of decent management at all, it will insure the farming value of the country for all time, and the observations at the weather bureau at Huron show the rainfall to be sufficient ordinarily to mature the crops.

As all countries have their drawbacks, so the Jim Valley has its little skeleton in the closet, in the shape of occasional "hot winds" a legacy from Kansas and Nebraska, but as the soil is broken up and tree planting increases, these will become less to be dreaded; and even as time goes on, if they do not decrease infrequency, they will not seriously detract from the agricultural value of the country. Except in a few limited spots, rain has been abundant this season. Crop prospects are fine, and if I am not greatly mistaken, the transportation facilities of the railroads will be taxed to their utmost to handle the coming crops.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The old Mississippi Valley *Lumberman*, since it went into the hands of J. Newton Nind, has become one of the strongest and most original papers of its class in the country. Its field is wide and fruitful and Mr. Nind knows how to cultivate it effectively.

The best feature in magazine literature this summer is the publication for the first time of the letters written by Thackeray to an English clergyman and his wife who were his very dear and life-long friends. These letters, written with no idea that they would be preserved or ever see the light of print, give delightful glimpses of the individuality and thought of the great novelist. Their genial humor, their kindly satire, their affectionate tone, their charming bits of description of life in Paris, and their constant references to the characters in the novels the writer was at work on as though they had been real persons, make them exceedingly interesting reading to all who appreciate Thackeray.

An able fortnightly journal devoted to progressive thought on religion and ethics, called the *Open Court*, has lately been started at Chicago. There is a good deal of instructive reading in it for those who want to keep posted on the currents of independent thinking, but its tendency is a little too materialistic to be altogether wholesome, unless counteracted by other reading representing the spiritual side of life. For example, in a recent number, Prof. Richard Proctor, the eminent astronomer, labors hard on an argument to prove that because the great majority of mankind believe in a future life, therefore it is highly improbable that there is any future life, because the great majority of mankind are as a rule mistaken in their beliefs. Materialism must be hard pushed for an argument to resort to this absurdity. Prof. Proctor might as well say that because the mass of mankind believe it right to love home, children and friends, therefore such affections are probably wrong and injurious to the race.

The Canadian government will send out no exploring vessel this year to make observations in Hudson Bay. For three seasons efforts have been made to ascertain how long the bay was open to navigation, and Sir John Macdonald is said to have been convinced that further investigations are useless, as he is satisfied that the route through Hudson's Strait can never be made available for commerce. Meanwhile the railroad from Lake Winnipeg to Port Nelson or Fort Churchill, which will be utterly useless unless the water route can be kept open a large part of the summer, has been actually begun, and its projectors are apparently determined to complete it as soon as possible.

"We don't wish to be understood as finding fault with nature," writes a Jersey correspondent, "but we do wish from the bottom of our hearts that the luminous end of the fire-fly had been hitched to the mosquito."

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

SOMETHING NEW.

Don't prate about our cyclones, our blizzard and our storms; don't weary us with chestnuts on the way our wind performs; these yarns were long ago called in—its time we had our due—it's time to drop these fairy tales and give us something new.

Come out and get acquainted, don't stay at home and pout; we only ask inspection to remove all honest doubt; we have cattle by the thousand and corn and hay galore, we could feed the half of Europe and still have plenty more.

Just come and see our wheat crop, our number one hard red; of all the favored Eastern states, its place is at the head;—our famous cattle ranches, too, the highest praise command, and nowhere on this continent is better grazing land.

With building stone for churches, for schools and business blocks; with mines of gold and gypsum, and silver bearing rocks; with growing, thriving cities that are marvels of the plain, with sturdy, Western rustlers full of muscle, grit and brain.

To our educational system we can point with honest pride; graded schools and college buildings meet the eye on every side; churches rise as if by magic, and cultured homes appear, where once the humble shanty housed the sturdy pioneer.

Don't tire us with your cyclones, your blizzards and your storms; don't weary us with chestnuts on the way our wind performs; these yarns have long since had their day—it's time we had our due—it's time to drop these fairy tales and give us something new!

—Dakota Bell.

JUST OUT OF SIGHT.

In idle reverie one winter's day
I watched the narrow vista of a street,
Where crowds of men, with noisy, hurrying feet
And eager eyes went on their restless way.
Idly I noted where the boundary lay
At which the distance did my vision cheat;
Past which each figure fading fast did fleet,
And seem to melt and vanish in the gray.
Sudden there came to me a thought, oft told,
But newly shining then, like flash of light,—
"This death, the dread of which turns us so cold
Outside of our own fears has no stronghold:
'Tis but a boundary, past which, in white,
Our friends are walking still, just out of sight!"

"Just out of sight!" Ay, truly, that is all!
Take comfort in the words and be deceived
All ye who can, and have not been bereaved!
"Just out of sight." 'Tis easy to recall
A face, a voice. Oh foolish words, and small
And bitter cheer! Men have all this believed,
And yet, in agony, to death have grieved,
For one "just out of sight" beneath a pall.
"Just out of sight." It means the whole of woe:
One sudden stricken blind who loved the light;
One starved where he had feasted day and night;
One who was crowned, to beggary brought low;
All this death doeth, going to and fro,
And putting those we love "just out of sight."

H. H.

PIKE'S PEAK.

I stood upon the peak amid the air—
Below me lay the peopled, busy earth:
Life, life, and life again was everywhere,
And everywhere were melody and mirth,
Save on that peak, and silence brooded there.

I vaunted then myself, and half aloud
I gloried in the journey I had done;
Eschewing earth and earth's seductive crowd,
I'd scaled this steep, despite the rocks and sun;
Of such a feat might any man be proud!

But, as I boasted thus, my burro brayed;
I turned, and lo! a tear was in his eye;
And, as I gazed, methought the burro said:
"Prithee, who brought you up this mountain high?
Was it your legs or mine the journey made?"

Then moralized I: The sturdiest peak is fame's,
And there be many on its very height,
Who strut in pride and vaunt their empty claims,
While those poor human asses who delight
To place them there, have unremembered names!

SALAD.

To make this condiment your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, half suspected, animate the whole.
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,
To add a double quantity of salt.
And, lastly, over the flavored compound toss
A magic soup-spoon of anchovy sauce.
Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeing soul;
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl;
Serenely full the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day!

SYDNEY SMITH.

GLIMPSES OF WESTERN LIFE

For The Northwest Magazine.

AN APPARITION IN CAMP.

My fancy limns a picture strange,
Where far Nevada's cloud-capped range
Lifts snowy summits high in air
Like walls about the valleys there:
One valley now—'tis late at night—
Is folded with the moon's pale light;
By it revealed, the white peaks stand,
Grim sentinels on either hand;
And here and there a wild ravine
Shows—black as night—the crags between.
One dead tree waves its ghostly arms
Like wizard weaving evil charms;
Sage-bush, and alkali, and sand
Are round us. There a roving band
Of red-men sleeps. They little care
For aught that e'er can reach them there.

No wild beast's cry disturbs their dreams—
Though drear enough to us it seems—
They heed no mountain-lion's howls,
Nor listen to the mournful owls,
Who ceaseless cry and never tire.
Beside a slowly dying fire
They rest, full length upon the ground,
With dingy blankets wrapped around.
But, look! An apparition wiers
As ever mortal saw or feared
Steals noiselessly upon the scene!—
No heart but faster beats, I ween—
We see the swiftly-rolling wheel.
The gleaming of its spokes of steel,
And wonder if the hapless knight,
Who with it bursts upon our sight,
Is part and parcel of the thing
Like myths of which the poets sing.

Is't Ixion, doomed to wander still
Fulfilling mighty Zeus' will,
(Of Centaur all, the fabled sire)
On his revolving wheel of fire?
Is't mortal, like Mazeppa, bound
And forced to, tireless, cycle round
Finding no resting-place, no peace,
Until with death he wins release?
Such are the queries e'en we raise
Who often in these modern days
Have heard the cyclists' rising fame
And oft and often read his name,
In fancy followed him along
While fording torrents swift and strong,
Or noiseless, speeding fast away
O'er level fields as if 'twere play.

If strange to us, what wonder then
He, to yon wild untutored men
Like ghostly visitant appears
And rouses superstitious fears?
The subtle presence one now feels
And, half uprising, there he kneels;
His bronzed face with fear grows white
While viewing the uncanny sight,
His eyes, just now in slumber closed,
Wide open stare, their white exposed
As from their sockets they would start,
We almost hear his breathing heart.
His comrades twain are now awake;
They too with terror 'gin to quake;
No sound escapes them; dumb with fear
They think some evil spirit near.

E'en while they gaze, the vision's gone,
And soon the rosy flush of dawn
Drives wraiths and shadows from the vale.
Then, not till then, their faces pale
Resume their wonted stolid stare,
As if for ghosts they did not care.
Long will that moonlight picture last
Till many moons have cycled past,
And often by the camp-fires' side,
Will they recall that spectral ride
To wonder how and whence it came,
That magic wheel, which none could name.

EMMA SHAW.

An Indian Glove Factory.

From the *Spokane Chronicle* it is learned that two enterprising Indian squaws have opened a glove factory at that place and are now running quite a force of hands. Through the kindness of some wide-awake sewing machine agent, one of the members of the firm has been taught to run a sewing machine with remarkable skill, and the work displayed on the back of some of the gloves shows a wonderful proficiency in the use of the machine. Seemingly the only stumbling block in the road of success of the new firm is the lack of shape of gloves made. They look as if they had been cut out by a circular saw.

Hunting Gophers in Montana.

The Montana Legislature passed a law paying a bounty of five cents for each dead ground-squirrel or chipmunk, and it threatens to bankrupt the Territory, nearly every cent in the treasury having been paid

out and the gopher harvest just commenced. It seems that as soon as the legislature passed the bounty law it adjourned and its members each got a club and started for the foot-hills where the squirrels are tame, and have been knocking them over at the rate of two or three hundred a day. It is said to be a great sight to see an aged and dignified member chasing down the side of a mountain, yelling and pounding the ground in front of him with a hoop-pole as he pursues a little striped gopher. So far the president of the council is ahead, having 2,150 scalps; but it is claimed that he stole about 200 from the speaker of the house and seventy-five from the chairman on church extension; so that if this is so the chairman of the committee on banks and banking lay-outs is ahead, he having cashed in something over 2,000. The governor and leading Helena editors threaten to join the hunt.—*Dakota Bell*.

An Idaho Celebration.

The people of Beaver Canon, Idaho, had a pictur-



AN APPARITION IN CAMP.

esque celebration of the Fourth. John Hancock read the Declaration of Independence and Henry Clay delivered the oration. In the procession the States were represented by thirty-eight young women in white Mother Hubbards mounted on black horses. One hundred woodchoppers marched four abreast, carrying their axes, and the city fathers rode in a big lumber wagon drawn by twelve yoke of red oxen, driven by the Goddess of Liberty. In the evening there was an exhibition of fireworks with a savage war dance obligato preformed by 100 Shoshone and Bannock Indians.

Some Seasons.

The fly does not fly as early as does the yellow-vested meadow lark. Thus far this season summer showers and cooling breezes have kept him unhatched and made it possible without mosquito bars on the windows for a fellow to dose the happy hours away until 6 o'clock A. M. and leave his white shirt on the

bedpost without having it converted into a polka-dot affair with dots of the wrong color, by getting in spected all over like..... And the poor patient horses in the Blue Mountains find it possible to make a mouth motion to eat grass without having to make six tail motions to switch flies. And the mild-eyed deer does not yet have to seek the breezy buttes to invoke the aid of the stirring wind to blow away the fly and keep from getting blowed, there being no switch attachment to their tails; a serious oversight, or rather rear-sight of Nature.—*Heppner Gazette*.

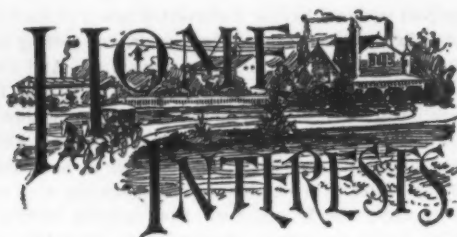
Exit the Big Cattle Companies.

The craze which was a few years ago characterized by the formation of large companies for the purpose of carrying on the cattle business in the range country of the West, is now bearing the fruit that the immature and half-formed ideas which distinguished the major portion of the organizers of such schemes could only give birth to. Loosely thrown together, conducted in the incoherent manner that their organization made unavoidable, it is a matter of surprise that the number of companies that failed is not larger; although there can be no doubt but what the next year will see some additions. Another fact is, the day for large cattle concerns has gone by. Each settler on the range of such companies, no matter how immense it is, is like a wedge tending to tear it asunder, and it requires but little foresight to see that this agency alone will force at no distant day the division of all large herds into smaller bands, more in keeping with the rapidly diminishing sizes of grazing tracts. When this fact is realized, the result will be smaller holding of stock in the hands of many as compared with the few now controlling the business; while quality instead of quantity will be the great desideratum. High grades will be the rule that necessity will first enforce, and then will follow the proposition of "feeding" both for the purpose of the production of more and better beef by each animal and also for the object of securing early maturity. With these transformations will come less of the present hap-hazard style of conducting the business, and every dollar invested in cattle will be watched with the same eager solicitude than now distinguishes its career in other enterprises.—*Hoof and Horn*.

Talk of the Trees.

The trees of Heppner now show their appreciation of the fostering care bestowed upon them, by yielding up a shade and a leafy rustle that is soothing to the senses, and casting upon the sunburnt ground many pleasant patches of shadowy darkness that form a beautiful contrast to the dried-out white of neighboring soil that has no mantle of green to throw around its shoulders and say to the sun "shine old socks; you can't burn any holes in me." Out in the hills the timber cultures are making a good showing, and, some day, where the lonely sheep herder used to swelter in the shade of a sagebrush, the woods will ring with the merry voices of the picnic crowd who have come to spend their holiday among the blossoms and boughs of the home-grown locusts and catalpa. Up in the Blue Mountains where the wild honeysuckle cling affectionately to the branches of the pine, tamarack and fir, the Heppner herders doze away the hours of these long summer days with their feet on a log while their hat serves to ward stray gleams of sunshine from their sleepy eyes, and their dirty shirts soak in the creek awaiting the washing they may get perhaps next week, perhaps next summer.—*Heppner (Or.) Gazette*.

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Playful Lines.

[To my son-in-law, T. W. Van Gorder, of Flandrau, Dakota, who is strictly temperate, but likes a good cigar.]

In summer time, when flowers bloom
And fill the air with sweet perfume,
(Your prairie weeds that rankly grow
Don't smell so very sweet, I know.)
And small birds sing on every tree,
I hope you'll sometimes think of me.
('Tis true, you have a treeless clime,
But, then, the word helps out my rhyme.)

On winter days, when blizzards blow,
And fill the air with drifting snow
Till you can neither hear nor see,
I hope your thoughts will turn to me.

When sadly flows the winding Sioux,
And all the world looks dark and blue,
And things are bad as they can be,
Then, too, perhaps, you'll think of me.

And when you smoke a good cigar,
And life has neither jolt nor jar,
And fancy wanders far and free,—
Perhaps, you'll sigh, and think of me.

J. W. BOXELL.

This Generation and the Last.

There is more philosophy in a brief conversation which was repeated to the editor recently than in many a volume upon hereditary and inherited tendencies. An old lady was remonstrating with her niece, an under-vitalized, nervous invalid, about her lack of energy, and holding up for her emulation the awful vigor of her ancestors.

"Why, your grandmother," the aunt said, "had a baby born in the morning, and in the afternoon she went up to the attic and brought down her flax-wheel into the back chamber and spun a hank of linen."

"I dare say she did, Aunt Lois," was the invalid's response; "and I have to pay for it. If grandmother had taken decent care of herself her grandchildren might have strength enough to rise up and call her blessed. As it is, I feel myself very much more like cursing her for ill-judged energy."—*Boston Courier.*

The Microbe of Malaria.

Dr. George M. Sternberg confirms, in a communication to the Johns Hopkins University, as a result of his own observation, Laveran's discovery of the germ, or micro organism, of malaria. Laveran found this microbe in the shape of an ameboid parasite in the blood of patients suffering from fever, and also observed that the germs disappeared from the blood when quinine was administered in effective doses. During a recent visit to Rome, Dr. Sternberg was present at a most satisfactory demonstration of the presence and ameboid movements of the parasite in blood drawn from the finger of a patient in the first stage of malarial paroxysm. Types of intermittent fever has been induced in previously healthy persons by injecting into the circulation a small quantity of blood drawn from a malarial patient during his fever. The presence of the parasite in the injected blood was demonstrated, and it was found again in the blood of the person subjected to the experiment during the induced intermittent paroxysms. These paroxysms were arrested, and the parasite disappeared from the blood when quinine was administered.

Solace for the Aged.

One of the laments of age is that no new friendships are formed. It is a rather mournful fact that most persons who pass fifty years lose the gift of pleasing. The sparkling eye, the merry laugh, the hearty speech, the sympathetic manners are all gone, and in place of these a guarded bearing and a sober habit of thought and judgment. Good-looking young people, with their pleasant faces and enthusiasm, win friends offhand; but the saddened and mature man

gets more and more isolated. Those of his own kind give only what they receive and the young shrink from him. He has lost the glow of youth. He estimates pursuits of life with frigid skepticism, and those who still delight to collect the dust in the race-course are offended at him. He may be ever so just and kind, but his exterior bears the scars of pain, and the average man or woman instinctively draws away from an invalid. If he be wise he will fall back upon books and a fishing-rod in season and make friends in heaven, for his chance of making any down here is decidedly slender. Good tobacco and a clean briar-root pipe will also be found an excellent substitute for human affections.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

Danger Lurks in Eggs.

In the bulletin of the Tennessee board of health attention is called to a condition of the egg, little known, which considerably impairs its sanitary value as an article of food. Soon after it became the practice to transport eggs in large quantities and to long distances by railway trains, it was found on their arrival that adhesion had taken place between the membranes of the yolk and those of the shell, so that the yolk could not be turned out of the shell unbroken. On examination by experienced pathologists this was found to be the result of true inflammation; the material of the adhesion was found to be precisely the same as that of the plastic exudation in inflammation of the lungs or bowels. Thus structureless and unorganized as it seems, the egg, even fresh-laid, is a living being and capable of disease from external causes; the cause of this inflammation being undoubtedly the shaking and friction from the motion of the cars, necessarily rendering the egg more or less unhealthy, as the products of inflammation can never be as salutary in food as those in health growth.

Safe Summer Drinks.

A glass of cool water, not ice water, is the most delicious, grateful and gratifying beverage that a person can take in hot weather, besides costing nothing and leading to no bad habits. Men in glass factories, where the heat is fearful, drink water only, not iced, and are healthy and vigorous. Field hands, on cotton and sugar plantations, drink a mixture of molasses and water. A safe drink for harvesters is water in which oat meal has been stirred. In warm weather, when there is excessive vermicular action of the bowels, or looseness, as it is familiarly called, every step a person takes has a tendency to set the bowels in motion. Instinct and common sense, therefore, dictate the most perfect rest. Drinking fluids aggravates the malady. Lumps of ice chewed and swallowed in as large pieces as possible will allay the excessive thirst. Parched rice boiled and eaten with boiled milk is the best food. This treatment will cure nine cases out of ten if adopted within forty-eight hours; if not, call a physician.—*Allentown National Educator.*

The Medical Use of Lemons.

"While you are giving people simple rules for preserving their health, why don't you tell them about the use of lemons?" an intelligent professional man asked me the other day. He went on to say that he had long been troubled with an inactive liver, which gave him a world of pain and trouble, until recently he was advised by a friend to take a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon squeezed into it, but no sugar, night and morning, and see what the effect would be. He tried it, and found himself better almost immediately. His daily headaches, which medicine had failed to cure, left him; his appetite improved, and he gained several pounds in weight within a few weeks. After a while he omitted the drink, either at night or in the morning, and now at times does without either of them. "I am satisfied from experiment," said he, "that there is no better medicine for persons who are troubled with bilious and liver complaints than the simple remedy I have given, which is far more efficacious than quinine or any other drug, while it is devoid of their injurious

consequences. It excites the liver, stimulates the digestive organs and tones up the system generally. It is not unpleasant to take, either; indeed, one soon gets to liking it.—*Chicago Journal.*

Photography in Colors.

Attempts have occasionally been made to produce photographic portraits and views in colors without the subsequent aid of the brush or other mechanical equivalent. But little success has hitherto attended these attempts experimentally, and none whatever practically, so far we are aware. Colored photography would now, however, appear to be an accomplished fact, the difficulties having been overcome after twelve years of study, experiment and chemical research by Mr. Mayall, of New Bond Street. The details of his ingenious and beautiful process are not yet ripe for publication, but stated generally it consists in taking a negative of the sitter on a sensitized plate by electric light, much in the same way as ordinary negatives are taken, the preparation of the plate excepted. From the negative a positive is produced on a chemically treated basis by the aid of a solar camera and a spectroscopic arrangement. The image is produced in colors on the basis without the aid of hand-work or brush. The colors, it is stated, are all hydrocarbons, specially prepared and capable of subdivision to the one hundred and eighty millionth of a grain. When the colored picture is completed by chemical action the image exists between two films not more than the one hundredth part of an inch thickness. The process has only recently been perfected, but as far as can be ascertained the productions are permanent, light and climate having no influence upon them. We inspected in Mr. Mayall's studio several portraits which possess the brilliancy and delicacy of the highly finished miniatures with which they were compared.—*London Times.*

How To Drink Wine.

Mr. Matthew Arnold never made a wiser remark than when he wrote that "Wine used in moderation adds to the agreeableness of life—for adults at any rate—and whatever adds to the agreeableness of life adds to its resources and powers." That is the philosophy of epicurism in a nutshell. Wine, however, should not be taken before work as a stimulant, but only after work, to prevent the brain from morbidly brooding over its problems or troubles, to insure deep sleep, and to supply the nutritive nerves with extra power.

But the most important thing to remember in drinking wine is, after all, that its essence, its soul, lies in the perfume or "bouquet." On this bouquet the commercial and gastronomic values of wine depend almost entirely. Old wines are, as a rule, the best, because age mellows their tartness and intensifies the perfume. Tokay is considered the queen of wines, because, while its percentage of alcohol is smaller even than that of Bordeaux and Burgundy wines, it has a rich and almost exquisite bouquet, which the art of the chemists is as powerless to produce as the fragrance of a wild violet.

To know how to drink wine is a thing next in importance. It is an art but little understood by the multitude. Unlike beer, it should always be sipped; and the smaller quantity at a time the more delicious will be its fragrance. Dealers in genuine wines (*rare aves*) have a habit of placing before an intending purchaser several samples in small glasses. If he gulps down the whole glass at once, he will in all probability not get the choicest brands, for the dealer justly reasons that would be throwing pearls where they would not be appreciated. Such a drinker is like a tourist who "does" the whole gallery in the time that should be devoted to a single picture. Epicures allow the Chambertin or Leoville to melt on the tongue, as it were, and roll down the throat slowly, all the while enjoying the fragrance by exhaling through the nose (unconsciously). It should be added, however, that in the case of wine, as in fruit, the external odor is also of much importance. Hence, the wider the glass, the larger is the evaporating surface and the more luscious the bouquet.